

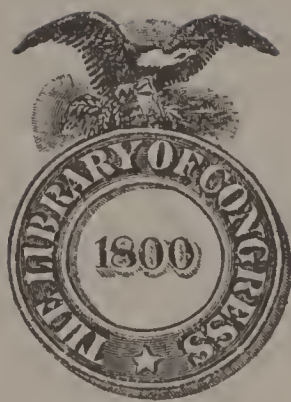
AN AMERICAN
ABROAD AND AT HOME
W. D. McCrackan

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William D. M. Lachan

✓
AN AMERICAN
ABROAD AND AT HOME

RECOLLECTIONS OF
W. D. McCRACKAN, ✓M. A.

Author of
"The Rise of the Swiss Republic," "The Spell
of the Italian Lakes," "The Spell of
Tyrol," and "The New
Palestine."

✓
With an Introduction by
Henry Van Dyke ✓

M. E. Starr, Publisher

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INTRODUCTION

My friendship with William Denison McCrackan began in the old and simple days of the Authors Club in New York. He already had a good book to his credit, and I was only commencing to write, so we did not come together on a "literary basis." But there was something about him,—a certain frankness and enthusiasm of character, an evident clearness and eagerness of mind,—that made me welcome and cherish him as a true friend.

No differences in theological or political opinions could have any influence to dissolve a human tie like that.

Wherever he was, whatever he was doing, I felt sure that he would do it honestly and well.

Unless I am mistaken, his cooperation had much to do with making the Christian Science Monitor of Boston one of the best edited newspapers in the United States.

His history of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" (1892) is a work of admirable scholarship and fine enthusiasm,—the first, and so far as I know, the best tribute paid by America to Switzerland for leadership in the way of government "by the people, of the people, and for the people."

McCrackan had an innate love of mountains. Witness his book on the "Fair Land of Tyrol," and his latest public service in Jerusalem, a mountain city. The fruit of this experience is gathered in the very interesting volume which he published in 1922, called "The New Palestine." His latest home on earth was in Tamworth, New Hampshire, in the heart of the White Mountains.

He has done well in choosing for the title of his Memoirs, "An American Abroad and at Home," for that is what he was always and everywhere. Look at his face, and you can see that. He had a great pride in his country,—so great and so strong that he was not afraid to criticize her faults and to urge her forward to better things. But he was never a bigot in liberalism,—always a friendly adventurer in new ways, hoping to find the best. In this book he has left an interesting record of his quests and journeys of body and soul. Through it all the reader can feel the sanity and sweetness of the man who thus ventured, hoped, and labored for the welfare of others, and who has now come to the goal of good endeavor and the haven of happy rest.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

My earliest recollections are connected with Switzerland. I recall walking along the narrow little quay with my nurse and sisters while a fierce wind was driving the spray over the parapet. We ran along dodging the clouds of spray and dashing gleefully between them. As we peered over the parapet we could see the intense blue of the water and the white-caps surging towards us. The view over this lake across to the mountains of Savoy, with some stretches of shore on either side, make up my earliest earthly sights. Deep seated love for the mountains seems to have been given me at this time, which later drew me back again and again to Switzerland, and years after made me its historian.

The family had left the United States in the year 1857 intending to make the usual summer's tour of Europe, but had mostly remained abroad since then, with only a few visits to America, traveling leisurely and sight-seeing in England, Belgium, Saxony, the Rhine Provinces, Prussia, Bohemia, Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, France and Italy. My sister Mamie and I were born in Munich, Bavaria, but my earliest recollections cluster around Vevey, on Lake Lemman, commonly called, The Lake of Geneva, in Switzerland. My father and mother, my brother John and two sisters, Annie and Mamie, also my father's mother and his two sisters, were all living in Switzerland at that time.

Among the incidents which I can remember associated with Vevey, one took place in the Maison Kohly, a house

with adjacent garden, which we had hired at the base of the hill of St. Martin. My sister Mamie and I had been left alone in the house when a violent thunder storm broke over the place. Finding that we were alone, we became frightened and finally knelt down on the brick kitchen floor and prayed in our childlike way to God to protect us. This calmed us and when the family returned they found us at play.

There comes to me across the years a pleasant smell from dear old Vevey, a smell wafted from the windows of a certain building somewhere on the way from Maison Kohly to the railroad station. This smell was associated in my mind with the regular whirl of machinery in action which spelled quite distinctly the sweet word, chocolate. Even in those days Vevey was beginning to establish a reputation for Swiss milk chocolate; then when Nestle's food for babies was added to the list of its attractions, it acquired a name which endeared it to the whole world. How strange, I used to think to myself, all this fuss about the quiet little brown cakes in their glistening tinfoil wrappings! Why was it necessary to have so big a building with such a big noise just to make chocolate! Childhood grows through many surprises, as it learns of the ordinary things of life.

A lively mystery also lurked in my thought about a certain cubby-house John had worked out for himself under a part of the foot-bridge which spanned the railroad from the garden of Maison Kohly to the hillside of St. Martin. The garden lay along side of what has since developed into the great international railroad route of the Simplon, connecting France with Italy through Switzerland. There was a snug corner under the footbridge where garden tools were kept; it was possible by dint of much squeezing and wriggling for little people like ourselves to insert themselves into this cavernous enclo-

sure and play house there in the dim damp interior while the trains passed close to us unseen, puffing and panting like great monsters. It was also considered a bold adventure by us, to stand on the footbridge while a train passed beneath and to allow ourselves to be enveloped in clouds of smoke and steam which certainly did not smell good and did not add to our beauty.

The hill of St. Martin was a delightful playground. The old historic church did not interest us, even though it had harbored the so-called regicides of Charles I of England, but its surroundings were like a whole world playground for us. There was the terrace in front, with a stone table indicating the names of all the mountain peaks on the Savoy side across the lake; great trees furnished us with horse chestnut blossoms in the spring, and the chestnuts themselves in the late summer to string together; there were green benches to climb over and jump from; but most highly prized of all were certain sloping stone banisters skirting the flight of steps leading from the terrace to the road. These banisters had been worn to a delicious smoothness by generations of small boys and girls until they glistened in the sun. No visit to the hill of St. Martin was complete without a slide upon them; whole mornings and afternoons seemed hardly long enough to satisfy our sliding propensities, and I really believe we moved away from Vevey before I had fully gratified my appetite for these banisters, so that one of the principal reasons for the hope that I might return some day was to have another slide on the banisters of St. Martin.

My brother John, the eldest of us four children, attended what was known as the College in Vevey, corresponding to our High School in the United States. He was a very independent and original boy and, as the oldest, had a life somewhat apart from the rest of us who were

under a nurse and governess. We used to like to tease him when he was in his room studying his lessons. I remember throwing my little punchinello doll, made of bright yellow and red worsteds, against the transom of his door and then running away and hiding, so that he would not catch me. John interested us three in collecting stamps, and would bring home some wonderful specimens from the College. He liked to surprise us with them, sometimes leaving them in places where we would be sure to find them, and then pretended he knew nothing about them.

My first lesson in *meum* and *tuum* came when we children were invited to the birthday party of a little Russian friend. Our parents had become acquainted with a family of Menchnikoffs, while we used to play with the children. I cannot recall the number of these children, nor their baptismal names, but the birthday party comes to my mind to which they invited us in a house somewhere in the heights back of Vevey. The little boy friend had received as a present a toy horse-car made of painted tin. Horse-cars were a novelty in those days. He and I played together with this toy, running the horse-car between two stations which we called America and Russia. At length the nurse came to take us home, and we had gone but a few steps from the house when it was discovered that I was holding the toy horse-car carefully tucked away under my arm. My nurse remonstrated with me, but I could not understand what she meant, and while I wondered, we retracted our steps to the house. I reluctantly gave up the toy, greatly puzzled to know what I had done that was wrong.

My brother John early took me in hand to harden me. He taught me a number of simple acrobatic feats, would lift me to his shoulders and make me balance myself; at other times he would also turn me over be-

tween his legs ; he made some rude Indian clubs for himself, which he taught me to swing.

From the Maison Kohly we moved to the Maison Gunther, a fine old place surrounded by a garden and approached by a driveway shaded by rich evergreens, bearing bright red berries. The garden had a wall on the street side surmounted by rose bushes. The house itself was four stories high ; we lived on the second floor, or *bel étage*, which had a loggia balcony that gave beauty and dignity to the structure. Here my recollections begin to assume a more definite form.

We were both born in the same house in Munich, a pretty villa dignified by the name of Schloss, or castle, belonging to the family of Resipal, and situated on the edge of Munich's most beautiful park, the English Garden. Mamie's birthday being on the 28th of February, it was quite common for people to say to her, "How fortunate that your birthday didn't come on February 29th, for in that case you would have your birthday only once in four years." She therefore acquired the habit of forestalling this remark when she was asked about her birthday by hastily assuring questioners that she was glad it was not on the 29th. My own birthday being on the 12th of February did not at first attract my particular attention, but in later years when I learned that Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, had been born on the same date, I was proud to recognize this fact.

From Vevey days also comes the memory of two greatly loved toys, a wooden horse and a cow on wheels, large enough and strong enough so that with a little management a small child could even sit on them. There was a slight incline at the gate of the drive into Maison Gunther, so that with a little judicious pushing it was possible even to take a short coast on these much enduring animal friends. Our strong affection for these two

toys kept them with us after we had really outgrown the desire to play with them; then they were handed over to two little girls, Nellie and Florrie Simpkin, of whom more shall be said later in these Recollections.

In the Vevey of those days there was a wonderful toy store called Mack's, appropriately named as far as the McCrackan children were concerned. The store was still in flourishing condition many years after when I revisited Vevey, and I hope is in existence to-day. From this store issued a glad procession of dolls, trains of cars, blocks and other toys for us, but especially, as far as I was concerned, many rubber balls, some painted in brilliant reds and greens. The garden of the Maison Gunther had a provoking iron fence with spikes on which many of these balls were unfortunately impaled as we played. There would be an extra high throw, then down would come the ball upon the cruel spike and expire before our very eyes with a deep drawn breath of exhaustion. This would necessitate another visit to Mack's.

It was probably in Vevey that I first began to take notice of my father carving at table. In the good old-fashioned American way he would not permit the carving to be done in the kitchen; foreigners could not be expected to know how it should be done, and there was always a right way to cut every joint of fowl. Through this observation in early years I acquired a fondness for carving at table which I have had ample opportunity to cultivate since, notably when I was at the head of a table of boys at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, during my sixth form year there and my one year as a master.

John had a riding horse named Charlie, which was kept in a stable near the corner opposite the entrance to Maison Gunther. To see him astride this stocky little cobb, in high riding boots, pea jacket and cap, and holding a riding crop was a proud sight for us little ones.

The horse was very obstinate, and I remember John turning and turning him in front of the house until he forced him to obey. In order to harden me John used to mount me on the horse and make me stand up on the saddle, while he himself led the horse down the road; or he made me lie flat on my back with my head to the horse's tail.

Two special occasions stand out in my recollection concerning these hardening experiences with my brother John. One winter the Vevey police made special attempts to prevent boys coasting in the steep roads which mounted into the hills back of Vevey, and the boys of course tried to outwit them. I remember one wonderful day when John took me off with a band of boys into the hills and we coasted over one road after another defying the police. Every now and then the alarm would be given that we were being pursued; then the whole band would dash off and not come to a halt until we had left the supposed enemy far behind. At times I would have the agonizing experience of being separated from John. This coasting experience long remained in my mind as one of the wildest adventures. We eventually reached Vevey again by a long detour through the vineclad hills, dragging our sleds behind us, play-weary, but boastfully happy.

The other occasion came when John had reached the conclusion that it was time for me to learn to swim. I remember that the day was somewhat stormy and lowering on the lake, and there were regular little rollers coming to the gravelly beach at the boys' swimming bath. John waded in and encouraged me to follow. Presently I was up to my neck in the water and the rollers were lifting me off my feet. I called loudly to John, but he delayed, hoping I would find some way of learning to swim in my necessity. It was sometime before I was extricated, somewhat shaken by the unusual sensation of finding no

bottom for my feet, and I am ashamed to say that I complained of John to my mother when I got home. John's avoidance of me for a few days after this was a terrible punishment; I never again *peached* on him, but took my hardening process like a man, no matter what it entailed.

This experience with the water may have given me an idea for a heroic act on my part. To carry this out I took my nurse into my confidence. Although I had not learned to swim, I one day decided to dive as I saw the older boys doing. So on that day I told my nurse that I would go to the boys' swimming bath and dive. She smiled at me, but I strapped up my little swimming tights in a towel and started off determined to carry out my promise, like a man. At the swimming bath I hesitated long and fearfully, but finally picking out a shallow place I climbed down to the lowest rung in the ladder which led down to the water and after a struggle allowed myself to fall in. I was a proud boy when I told my nurse on my return that I had kept my word. After this I learned to make my fall into the water more of a dive and to swim a few strokes under water, but I did not really learn to swim on the surface until several years after. Almost all my accomplishments came to me suddenly, like swimming, skating, reading, etc.

We lived in Vevey during the Franco-Prussian War. I was too young to realize what was going on, although I gained a vague sense that something different than usual was agitating the world, but that was all. Finally I heard that John was not going to school for a while because the school buildings and churches were going to be used to house French prisoners. One day John took me out of town on the highway from Lausanne and there we saw a part of the remnant of Bourbaki's army, which the German General Werder had kept hemmed in for a long time against the Swiss frontier. This French army

had finally been forced to surrender to the friendly Swiss and to pile up their arms on the frontier. A detachment and drum corps of the Swiss army marched ahead of the pitiful host of unarmed French prisoners. These poor fellows were desperately miserable in appearance, shabby, helpless and hopeless, the crude reds and blues of their uniforms adding to their sordid appearance. Their sufferings and wants had been great during their forced inaction when hemmed in by the Germans and they were then barely recovering from the worst of their plight under the kindly care of the Swiss.

This sad procession of defeat made a deep impression on my youthful mind. John and I marched with the vanquished host into Vevey and thereafter it was a daily sight to see the prisoners take their regular outings through the streets cheered by the bystanders and presented with cigars and little gifts. Every day the prisoners recovered visibly from their misery and expressed their gratitude as best they could for the great kindness shown to them. Bourbaki's army had been accompanied by a great number of horses, among them many fine Arabians from northern Africa. These starved animals were sold in Switzerland at this time for next to nothing. I was told afterward that some of them went as low as two francs a piece. I remember riding one of these horses years after at Interlaken, a good serviceable white animal, renamed Franz by its new owner.

From this time I recall also charming walks back of Vevey and Clarens where with our nurses we picked the scented narcissus in the spring, the violets and primroses. In this district lies the castle of Blonay with a little village beside it. The recollection of the great walnut trees of this hillside village, as well as of certain breakfast rolls fresh and warm from the village bakery, comes to me as I write of Blonay. We occupied a stone house fronting

on a vegetable garden ornamented with a few old-fashioned flowers. The surrounding meadows were very green and full of wild flowers.

In Blonay I passed a certain mile-stone in my education which means much to every child.

One morning I opened our English Bible and found that I could read. I was so delighted and surprised at this, that I rushed into my mother's room, Bible in hand, and read her from the place where I had opened. I do not recall the particular passage, but from that day I had no further difficulty in reading English and French also. As I write this I feel that there was significance in the fact that I could not learn to read until I turned to the Bible. Our governess had labored faithfully to teach me to spell and read in French, but without success. Living in a French speaking Canton of Switzerland we children spoke French without an effort. In fact we seemed to turn to it so naturally that my father, a sturdy American, was obliged to make a rule that only English could be spoken at table. Our elders were not as quick in picking up languages as we were, and it was always a wonder to them that we promptly answered questions in English or French, and later in German, according to the language in which we were addressed.

There was one particular dish which was very distasteful to us children, and that was dandelion greens, served either cooked or uncooked. We used to call it among ourselves, *mauvais chose* (bad thing). When it came on the table we would nudge each other and put out signals of distress to stiffen our resolution not to eat of it unless the absolute command went forth. As dandelion greens were considered wholesome, *mauvais chose* often appeared upon the table in the spring but was never a welcome guest for us.

In Vevey we attended the services of the church of

England, held at the time in the Evangelical church on the square facing the Hotel Monnet. We were devout Episcopalians, both on my father's and mother's side. My mother's mother was a Jarvis, to which family the Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut, Abraham Jarvis, belonged. My father's father and his father before him had been treasurers of Trinity Episcopal church on the green in New Haven for 56 years in succession. As Bishop Jarvis is buried under the altar of Trinity Church, New Haven, the religious experience of my father's and mother's families may be said to be united in that church. Among the family papers I find some old receipts dating from Vevey days showing that my father also acted as treasurer for the English church in Vevey. Wherever we went on the Continent of Europe we sustained liberally and attended regularly the services of the American or English churches.

My grandmother McCrackan and her two surviving daughters, aunts Mary and Charlotte, or Lottie, as we always called her, lived in a large, cheery pension at Clarens during most of our stay at Vevey. My grandmother had seven children, of whom three were living at this time, my father and these two aunts. She invariably wore a turban of white tulle fastened with a jewel, and artistically draped with diaphanous, delicate black lace,—this having been the fashion when she left the United States for what was expected to be a summer trip only. My two aunts wore their hair in ringlets and never changed this fashion. These three members of our family never returned to the United States, but their earthly remains are all buried in the cemetery at Bern, the capital of Switzerland. Another aunt, Sarah, whom I never knew, is buried in Munich, Germany, where she died in 1866. The McCrackans were always great travelers. My grandfather's brother, John McCrackan, is buried in Pere

La Chaise cemetery, Paris, France, and his wife, Nancy, in the Protestant cemetery of Florence, Italy.

Aunt Lottie was very remarkable in her spiritual experiences. I was too young in the early days of Vevey and later of Stuttgart to understand at its full worth her spiritual outlook, but I now feel that it was profound and genuine. She was very solicitous of our spiritual welfare, but her care for us repelled us somewhat, so that we submitted to her efforts without particularly liking them. While residing later at Interlaken she healed herself through prayer of lameness and felt her experience of such importance that she called my brother John to her from his studies at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, where he was preparing himself for the ministry. My two aunts had prayers every morning and then studied the Bible. They had their own income and set a generous share aside for purposes of charity; dispensing this with great regularity to dependents in the United States and in the localities in which they happened to reside in Europe.

At the age of about fourteen or fifteen, my brother John experienced a sudden change of heart, as the saying is. He was always fearless, unconscious of self, actively intelligent with a turn for mechanics and a great love for music. Now he turned his whole nature with these rich qualities and began to fit himself to be a real Christian. Just how this sudden transformation was caused, I cannot now say, but I have heard it ascribed to the influence of two English ladies who came to live at the Maison Gunther. It may well have been the result of my aunt's religious influence. Throughout his life my brother John presented Christianity in a wholesome, free, and joyous way which made him beloved wherever he went. He was a living embodiment of what he preached, devoid of bigotry, self-righteousness or pose, he invariably lifted and comforted those who came in contact with his life.

He found it difficult in after years, when he became a clergyman of the Episcopal church, to conform to the conventional usages of that church and was always ready to introduce helpful innovations, though he cheerfully submitted to what that church considered the essentials of belief.

During our stay at Vevey an American family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Corning with their two sons, Leonard and Fred, and their small daughter, Nellie, came to Vevey and became our nearest friends. Mrs. Corning was an invalid whom I remember chiefly as lying on a couch and trying to smile feebly through her illness. Mr. Corning was a big hearted, lovable man with a shiny bald head, a comfortable round body, and a ready joke ever on the lips. Soon we all called him "Pa Corning." At home he had been an advanced preacher of the Universalist or Unitarian persuasion who had accepted the then new theory of evolution which had greatly agitated the religious world. He still preached occasionally, at least I remember his preaching a sermon some years after at Stuttgart out of which I gathered the thought, at that time entirely new to me, that mere conscience could not be an infallible guide, because it was conscience which made the heathen bow to their idols. Mr. Corning was constant in his attendance upon his invalid wife. He would even take a basket on market days and bring home fruits and vegetables from the big public market place. This was considered somewhat *infra dig* on his part as a man of means, and I do not think my father, who was a man of unusual formality in dress and bearing, quite liked it.

Len and Fred joined John in boyish exploits. I was too young to be one with them, so as a rule I heard of their doings only from an awed distance; two occasions, however, remain in my mind when I was allowed to par-

ticipate. One day they took it into their heads to go across town through houses, over walls, into gardens, cellars, etc., and so to emerge from one street to another. I was taken along on this expedition, the wonder of it long surviving in my mind as the acme of all that was adventurous and full of narrow escapes. On the fourth of July the three boys fired small cannons and set off fire works in the back yard of the Maison Gunther, while I looked on thrilled with their audacity. The commotion produced by these three active American boys in little old Vevey may be imagined. Perhaps John's sudden turn to religious interests may have somewhat dampened the vigor of these boyish pranks, but the boys remained friends for many years after in Germany and in the United States, though their interests, naturally enough, took them apart in later life. Len became a physician in New York and Fred an expert mining engineer.

Nellie Corning was a small quiet child, a year or two younger than I. She had fluffy hair standing out from her head. We adopted her at once as a playmate. She said little but followed along. There were some low green benches under the shade trees in the street which skirted one side of the garden of Maison Gunther, and Annie, Mamie and I had learned to jump over these benches as we played around the house. Of course Nellie had to follow suit. She bravely tried but tripped and fell on her head. Instead of crying, she uttered not a word and quietly walked away to our intense surprise and admiration. She always maintained this same quality of quiet endurance and in later years became my sister Mamie's closest friend.

My brother John had as a plaything one of those comical precursors of the bicycle called a velocipede, a two-wheeled affair, made of wood, which was propelled by pushing on the ground with the feet. John had been

known to coast down the steep hill of St. Martin about as far as the entrance of the Maison Gunther. As the railroad crossed the road at the foot of the hill, this feat was considered hazardous, and I dimly remember that my father had to forbid John to do this. In course of time I fell heir to this velocipede; it became my inseparable and dearly loved companion. Imitating the feats which John had taught me on horseback, I learned to rise to a standing position on this velocipede while it was under way, but one day I suddenly fell off and struck my head violently. My recollection of this incident was one of great surprise, nothing more, although I led my velocipede to its abiding place in the woodshed and did not take it out again for several days. During the height of my ambition for collecting stamps I had under consideration the offer of a Swiss boy to exchange this velocipede for a Servian stamp which had just appeared and I much desired. Before doing so, however, I took the precaution of consulting my father who assured me that the bargain offered was most ridiculous, and so I rejected it.

My father was a tall man always immaculately dressed. He was stern and would not let us stand up on chairs or climb upon the big porcelain stoves which were in universal use in Swiss houses at that time. He insisted on our shoes being blacked and our hair brushed and also looked after our finger nails and sent us regularly to the American dentist. He always wore a stand-up collar and a black silk tie which had to be especially made for him. I cannot remember him in any kind of negligée. He wore the fashions which were in vogue in the United States. He was exacting in his demands of subordinates; in the payment of bills he demanded discount for cash, and was served by all with care not unmixed with fear. I can remember that he sang with a rich baritone voice at some of our receptions; he also had a great love for

Shakespeare and could recite many a passage from his plays. He had short curly Scotch hair, and did not use a brush, but merely passed a comb through it. He wore the customary moustache and Burnside whiskers of that period, and was much admired for his good looks.

My father's notable qualities were not of a kind to be readily understood by a child. In my riper years, I was able to gain a clearer estimate of his good care and training of us children. As I write I turn with admiration to his career as a rising young lawyer in his native city of New Haven, Connecticut, chosen by that city in 1847 to visit Henry Clay, later sailing around Cape Horn as one of the Forty Niners, helping to bring civilization to California, returning with a respectable fortune, presented to the Supreme Court in Washington, and thereafter providing for a large family of dependents. He was an enthusiastic upholder of the possibilities of Northern and Southern California while that state was still largely a desert, owning land in what is now the city of Los Angeles and being interested in various projects for the opening up of the American Far West. My father was one of that generation of alert Americans who had the vision of the greater United States and linked with it a comprehensive understanding of European conditions. During his travels abroad he wrote occasionally for the American papers on foreign politics. His letters to his mother and sisters written on the way to California, and from California itself, are worthy of a place in the history of the Pacific Coast.

As I first remember my mother, she had a sweet Madonna cast of features, beautiful with great placidity; her hair was of a rich brown with a chestnut tinge. I cannot recall her ever being angry or harsh with me. She was sympathetic with us children and wisely encouraged our expressions of individuality. Her religious life was

not narrowed by any reverence for orthodoxy. My mother by nature had the rare vision which transcends ecclesiasticism and is prophetic. We turned to her naturally rather than to our father who seemed to our childish hearts distant and to exist principally for the purpose of discipline.

My mother was deeply musical. She had a special talent for improvisation and one of the most cherished memories of my childhood is having her play me to sleep at night. She could suggest the styles of the different great composers in her improvisation and would say, "Now this is Mozart or Händel or Beethoven." On different occasions, as we grew up, she organized us children and our young friends into little groups to give plays or recitations. In her youth she had learned to play the harp when it was fashionable for young ladies in New York before the Civil War. This accomplishment she took up again when we moved to Stuttgart, Wurttemberg, and never gave it up, but played beautifully in New York when we returned to the United States to live. The harpist of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra came for a time regularly to the house in New York to refresh her technique and play duettes with her.

My brother John and my two sisters all showed marked musical talent; John later took up the violin in Stuttgart and studied harmony and counterpoint. He played with such fervor and originality that at times it seemed to move him almost too much so that he would try to put away the instrument for short intervals, but always returned to it. He had a rich bass voice which gave a superb foundation to the family singing of hymns and part songs. He composed several hymns himself and when at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, arranged some of the songs in the Trinity College song book. His music seemed very close to his innate being,

expressing his powerful sense of freedom. Outdoors he loved to burst into wild calls such as are heard in the Alps.

My sister Annie played the piano and had a sweet true voice, like her character. She sang with precision and art, expressing in her music the neatness which she showed in keeping all her belongings in order and later in her house, when she acquired one of her own in Stamford, Connecticut. Following my mother's example, Annie took up the harp, learning to play most acceptably, especially the dear old Scotch songs, as well as some of the beautiful pieces with arpeggio runs so well suited to that instrument.

My sister Mamie showed very pronounced musical talent. Like Annie she received instruction from the best musical teachers at the Conservatory in Stuttgart and gained a brilliant execution on the piano. This she kept up until after our return to the United States, when she dropped solo playing on the piano and thereafter played that instrument principally to accompany the voice. As an accompanist she has always shown the particular pliability which is so helpful to a singer. She also took up singing and studied harmony. Out of this study came the composing of songs, some of which have had considerable vogue.

I myself never developed much application in a musical way. I was put to the piano, but practicing was very irksome to me, and I had an exasperating way of counting, which drove my music teachers to complain. In counting the beats out loud I would sing the air of the piece I was trying to play and nothing I could do, or anybody else could do, broke me of this annoying habit. In later years I studied voice culture for awhile with great longings to be a fine tenor, but never thoroughly brought my voice out or properly placed it, though I have always

enjoyed being able to carry the tenor in hymns and college quartettes.

But to return to Vevey days, we children often visited my grandmother McCrackan and my two aunts at Clarens. We generally walked by the main road along the Lake Lemman we so dearly loved. Its deep blue with the dark purple of the mountains of Savoy on the opposite shore, the yellow gray castle of Chillon at the water's edge beyond Montreaux, and the snowclad top of the Dent du Midi up the Rhone Valley beyond the end of the lake, all formed an indelible picture. This view is one of the beauty spots of the world; it was one of my first impressions. John did not as a rule accompany us on our walks with our nurse, for he belonged to another world, that of big boys.

We three children generally arrived at our aunts with dusty shoes. Aunt Mary would promptly produce a duster for them, and then as promptly take us to a linen bag which she kept hanging at the side of her closet. In this were little cakes and sweet crackers always on hand for our visits. Sweet chocolate also comes to my mind as particularly associated with aunt Mary. She taught us children many old fashioned songs and ditties current in the United States before the Civil War, such as, "Old Dog Tray is ever faithful," "A sailor, a sailor, a sailor I would be," "She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother." She would accompany these songs on the piano and play games with us while her ringlets shook with her laughter. Aunt Lottie looked after us in our less boisterous moments, and I stood somewhat in awe of her. But the awe was as nothing compared to that which I felt for grandmother Mary Godfrey Jenkins McCrackan. She appeared to me as a sort of queen enthroned, and made to be waited upon; this impression being much enhanced by the tulle and lace turban she

wore. I do not recall anything specifically which she said to me. She always seemed to be sitting and to be waited upon by my two aunts or by anybody who came near her. She was gentle and kindly of appearance and the attention she attracted seemed to proceed from a sort of spiritual ascendancy which I did not understand, but admitted. Aunt Lottie was especially constant in her attentions upon grandmother. We had a hymn, No. 156, in the Episcopal Hymnal, which we called grandmother's hymn because it was her favorite and it was sung unfailingly as the last hymn every Sunday night. It was entitled, "Contentment," written by Steele,

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer arise—

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

CHAPTER II

MOTHER'S RECORD OF MY BABYHOOD

I shall introduce into these Recollections extracts from my mother's journals to supply touches from the time when I was too young to remember incidents myself, and to give the particular kind of information which only a mother can give.

I offer these extracts from my mother's journals without apology, but with an explanation. Many a mother has thought about her children as my mother did, but few have recorded their thoughts. The sweet perceptions, the dainty appreciations, the amusing incidents which arise in the lives of mothers and children are not generally recorded for lack of time, and may not generally be considered of sufficient importance for preservation. Therefore I offer these revealings to all mothers, and ask that this chapter be not attributed to conceit on my part, but be acceptable as my tribute to motherhood.

Under date of October 18th, 1860, my mother refers to the family traveling from Dresden to Munich. My father engaged for residence in Munich the better part of a villa, called Schloss, (Castle) Rosipal, situated on an extension of the Ludwig Strasse, just outside the Sieges Thor (Gate of Victory), a triumphal gate, modeled after the arch of Constantine in Rome. My mother writes in her journal: "The Schloss stands in the centre of a ten acre plot of ground, beautifully laid out with pretty walks and flower patches. There are no less than four summer houses on the grounds. The Rosipals retain the lower floor, *parterre*, for their summer residence, they living in the city in the winter. Herr Rosipal is the prince-merchant of Munich. His family are highly cultivated and are highly connected. They were always

very kind to us. They are very elegant, refined and substantial."

The picture of the villa where I was born was inserted into the journal by my mother, and she continued to write beneath it: "Mamie and Willie were born in the centre room with the balcony." "William Denison was born on Feb. 12th, 1864, a bright little sprite, dark hair, and dark eyes, a new pet and a dear little boy. He progresses in all the accomplishments accessory to infantine perfection. Healthy, happy and good, my little flock of four make themselves very happy in the garden, romping about. Johnnie studies as usual in the mornings with me, in English, French and German. Annie sews and learns to count in the garden, while round, fat, little Mamie amuses herself with, or without her nurse, Pauline. Willie has his own nurse, "Bappi," and he passes his time in alternate delights of eating, drinking, sleeping and playing. He is very lively, and a very happy child."

In the winter of 1862 father spent several months in America to do his bit in the Civil War, and again, most of the winter of 1864 in New York, returning to Tagernsee in the summer of 1865 at the close of the war. In the winter and spring from 1862 to 1863 there was a regular migration of the family to Italy, by way of Venice, Padua, Florence to Rome. The family remaining in Rome until June 1863, returning by way of Leghorn, Pisa, Milan and the Italian Lakes. At this time also there was a trip to Naples, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Sorrento and the Blue Grotto of Capri. It was in April of that year that my mother beheld the newly excavated statue of Augustus Caesar in the gardens of Villa Livia in Rome, and carried away a lasting impression of this experience. In the summer the family was in Switzerland. The Journal states: "In my letters to America, to papa, I notice a few mentions of Willie's babyhood. At eight months—the little man is

played to sleep by mama's music—a habit which continues to disarm any little pranks that may slyly wake him up, when he should 'go-by-by'."

"It is noticed also that he pats mam-mams lustily away on the carpet and rolls himself about, indefinitely, with healthy kicks and foot pounders, and the old green rug is retained for his especial benefit and salams, as with joyous glance and mischievous winks, he devotes his energies to tattling baby pow-wows and long stories, deduced from that indefatigable cranium of tiny jollity. The third tooth showed itself at that time, with an obvious shadow of the fourth." At another date, "Willie is seen and heard daddle-daddelling on his green rug, so cunning, so contented, bobbing up and down, reaching out for this and that, screaming with delight his 'nein, nein,' to surrounding admirers, and insisting on playing 'so big-so big'—evidently understanding the importance of this communicative pantomime."

"Later he is mentioned as having finally fallen asleep,—'Little fox' after a full day's tantrummy wakefulness."

"Also he is spoken of as being intensely fascinating, shouting and giggling all the time. In Nov., 1864, I write: Willie laughs almost all day long, only sleeping about half an hour, until night comes. Starts up bright and early in the morning, by six, and then we don't know what to do with him, until the nurses are ready to take his Lordship."

"His capers and pranks, his snuggling (feet up, kicking, into my pillow) his impulsive caresses, accompanied by shrieks of glee, are all very irresistible and funny, but all the same they are sleepless hours for Mamma."

"Willie is seen for the first time in his white fur cloak, lined with crimson. The little man is quite as proud as any girl with a new out-fit. The promising little fellow has been particularly elegant today, and showed off

grandly to company, in his embroidered blue robe and later in his white fur cloak and crimson and white hat and white feathers. Too charming! The nurses, Bappi and Pauline, tell me that he conducts himself in a remarkably "lustig" (jolly) manner in the street, and they are often stopped with the inquiry "*Von wen ist das schone kind?*" (Whose is that beautiful child?) Imagine the pride and complacency of those nurses!"

"Mamie is growing so very pretty, but Willie is the beauty of the family now. The new slippers fit beautifully. He kicks and stamps this article of dress out very rapidly, with his jolly pounders on his green rug. He is the best little fellow in the day, and Mamma's darling treasure."

"I enjoy my quiet plays on the piano very much. The children gather around me so happily, and the performance generally concludes with a merry polka, in which the nurses are included. Willie thinks it great fun, and insists upon his whirl too, in nurse's arms."

Under "nightly soliloquies" we read: "It entertains me immensely to listen to him in the dead of night, talking, babbling away his stories to his friendly morsel. The oration every now and then is varied by plunges, kicks and peals of solo merriment, as he bobs about in his little bed. I can hear him as deep in his narration he crams the bread into his mouth, and then with muffled mumbles of delight, he throws away the crust only to bob up and seek it in the mysteries of pillow, sheet or blanket, and when found, the joyous snorts of gratification produce convulsive echoes of still merriment from the enraptured listener."

"This little by-play is generally brought on about two o'clock at night, and continues from a half to one hour—until this sprig of vivacity, wearied even with his own comedy, relapses back into dreamland. I often feel that

this bright happy intensity is the forewarner of great strength to resist the usual troubles and discontents of life,—as with his great sensitiveness of temperament, it will all be probably needed to aid him in keeping up the healthy balance.”

“Ocean Grove, August 1884.—I find truly that Will was endued with this happy disposition by a good Providence (who seeth all things) as an armor of strength and truth to meet all the vicissitudes of life.”

“January 4th, 1865.—Willie is bright and happy this morning, amusing himself in the nursery by climbing up by chairs, and bobbing away furiously. He is very busy calling out names, mentioning ‘Anna, Anna’ very distinctly to-day.”

“He has appeared in short dresses to-day, and he looks too cunning in them—celebrating the occasion by sundry and wonderful feats in walking and pushing a chair before him. He has the most *waggish* face I ever saw on a baby. There is something so shrewd even in his merriest looks, particularly when he tries to make us laugh, by his pranks, and *will not* smile himself.”

“January 24th—He has a fine temper of his own I perceive, as he manifested to-day, when both Mamie and he, were regaling on bon-bons. His candy disappeared and then master held out his hand for sister’s, and when it was refused, the young prince threw himself back, heels up in furious kickings and yells of wrath, quite appalling to Mamma—in the next room. Once reproved and recovered, however, from this tantrum, he began to laugh and scramble back to his Mamie, who with the forgiving spirit of woman took him into favor again.”

“January 29th—I notice that Willie has lost in Mamie’s estimation since that unwarrantable display of *manhood*. He does not know it yet, but will discover

later, that he cannot trample on the female rights, even in nursery life."

"Johnnie is all impulse, combined with quick penetration and determination, great observation, all coupled with an extensive idea of self-respect. At this time, Willie converses most intelligibly in sounds of 'mam-mam' and 'bob-bob.' He rolls over and over on the floor in great glee, patting away at the floor, with those extreme fist-cuffs in great gusto. Quick and observant he is, and his future is maternally predicted in colors lively and bright."

"January 8th, 1865.—Willie finds it very telling to go and pick up things and bring them to us—for thanks—and as we return them to him, he looks so wise, and happy as he remarks 'ta ta,' a performance which he renews again and again—so proud of being commended for his politeness of behavior. He is charmed with John's strong arms, and I do not know which one of the pair is the happiest. It is amusing to see the little man 'show fight' whenever anyone but mamma, or nurse, interrupts his play on the floor. As soon as he sees the children coming, he begins to scold, and not gently by any means—acting with all the peremptoriness of two years growth. His sharp, quizzical glance is happily ameliorated by a sweetness of character, and an intense sense of justice, though he must have his yell of disappointment, even at his season of yielding."

"It is said now that Willie is becoming the rogue and romp of the family, under the instructive tuition of his brother and sisters."

In writing long after of these days at Tegernsee, my mother says: "I remember a bright, vivacious baby in our midst answering to the name of Willie, who led a life of healthy, happy existence. His remarkable trials consisted of a pretty bundle of lively amiability. He seemed to cry—only with a tear in the corner of the eye—in fact,

it seemed like a sob of some wounded deer, whose sensitive shy pride could not brook an outward demonstration. Perhaps this extreme shyness, not timidity, gave the unusual pathos, which his little voice breathed forth for a year or two, at times. Then again the merry side would peal forth in convulsive laughter—very intense and mirthful.”

I cannot remember just now any particular family event at those days. “We passed the time in long walks, excursions, readings and domestic life, interrupted with visits from a few friends—American and English, who strayed down to this charmnig spot.”

“Annie, little mother-heart, proved an invaluable ‘aide-de-camp’ in the affectionate tutelage of little brother, while Mamie constituted herself the principal amusement fund for his little Lordship.”

“John had not yet commenced his athletic experiments with his brother-protege, but he lovingly contributed to the bringing up of the last scion of the house. The baby had his part in the domestic drama, very fully, for he was such a darling,—very *apart* in his character from the other children—and very interesting in this very distinction. Amiable, yet spunky; retiring, yet very self dependent,—a sly joker all on his own account.”

“Willie, Mamie and Annie were devoted to each other—and looked up to Annie as the queen of their aspirations. The little snugglings of fun, and the moral resistance of Willie to sister Mamie’s anxious authority, in those days, were irresistibly funny. The little maiden and her young pet brother proved a source of very loving observation in the family; he, with his vivacious glee—and sensitive quiver of the lip,—and she, with her demure matronly manners with little brother.”

“The two nurses with their charges, kept the little ones out doors from morning till night—(meal times ex-

cepted). There would be the afternoon long walks, with both nurses generally, and all the children—up hill through charming woods, over beautiful walks (kept in order by Prince Karl of Bavaria) to some destined summit, where Mamma would read, or sew, whilst nurses and children roamed about picking flowers, or joining in quiet rest after the long climb. Towards sunset Mamma would close her book, after a trance of delight in the enjoyment of the exquisite, and distant mountain-and-lake-scenes. Never to be forgotten hours, when the young mother lived in her children, and the growth—resulting from so much close communion with foreign scenes, and nature's broad winning teachings."

"The signal thus given by Mamma, my darling flock would rush to the rustic seats and tables, all so eager and hungry for brown bread and butter, cottage-cheese and coffee, or beer. Willikin had his munch of zwieback and milk. As the sun went down we gathered ourselves up for the downward path for home, generally arriving about tea-time with hearts so happy and blithe, fresh and pure. Oh, how those little blossoms did thrive and grow in these climes! Day after day, thus, we would take our afternoon excursions—to different spots—generally up to lovely summits, sometimes down in the valley, and oft in row boats on the lake. These were simple happy days when Mamma would look around and see all the dear children at her side, all so well, joyous and happy. The little dears slept so well at night, too, strengthened by this out-of-door life. Also their temperaments were soothed and enlarged by this daily intercourse with the outer world of nature. The inner growth of one is naturally tinged with the strength and interest of such a life."

"One of our charming walks led to rushing falls in a deep, wild ravine. We generally spent most of the day in such places. Our little man used to think it fine fun to

caper about as near the brink as possible, innocently unconscious of all danger. Thus the summer passed (1866) and we journeyed on to Nice, France, where we spent the winter."

"Nice, France, 1866—Willie had his own nurse to himself—a kind girl of Nice who was devoted to him. At one of our dinners given to General and Mrs. McClellan, Bishop Stevens and daughter of Philadelphia, U. S., Cousin Nathan Smith and wife, gave us also the pleasure of their society. Willie thrived well in Nice and was the pet of the family, and made himself a hero in baby athletics and summary prowess of action."

Of Nice I cannot say that I remember anything definitely, but when the family moved to Switzerland, in 1867 after the winter at Nice, certain memories begin to detach themselves.

The summer of 1868 was spent at Bex in the Rhone Valley, where I had an amusing encounter with an animal, whose actions took me entirely by surprise. I was four years of age at the time, and very curious about the animals in the stable of the country Pension, in which we had settled for the summer. It was my habit to haunt the outbuildings and talk to the man in charge as best I knew how in those days. There was a small flock of sheep which interested me particularly because sheep are not very plentiful in Switzerland while cows are decidedly so. I was in the stable one day petting the sheep in their little pen and had started to go out of the door when the stable man opened the pen and the sheep darted out to get into the pasture. As I turned and faced them, the ram of the little flock butted full tilt into me, upsetting me, and sending me sprawling over the floor. My surprise was even greater than my indignation. I had never heard that sheep butted; I had supposed that they were always gentle and kind. For years after I was on my guard

against sheep, wary and suspicious of their movements and looked for a place of safety when they began to move fast. Of this time at Bex my mother writes: "At Bex,—Willie, a youth of four years, was still fulfilling the promise of his early days,—a straightforward little warrior in his manful fight with life. His struggles on the platform of amusements, growth, character and appetite were delightful to witness."

"We spent a summer season at a delightful Pension 'Mon Chalet'—a mile and a half from the town of Bex. Grandma and Aunties, lived in the Pension while we colonised at a charming cottage. The governess accompanied us (from Vevey) teaching the children German and French. Willikin flourished and reveled in happy baby life of four years, in these days,—a very amiable, sensitive, joyous child, yet endowed with nature's own temper, on necessary occasions (to him). He was so bright and funny, so irresistibly genial and cute. Johnnie, the grand mogul of domestic infantry always talked well and wisely, the baby-brother ever lending a helping hand to his young Highness. And Annie, the little maternal heart, took him into the flock of her responsible cares, with her usual forethought and love. Little Mamie—of two years—found a new plaything, and by dint of mutual thumps and bumps they became very well acquainted and irrevelantly tolerant of each other's charms—a tolerance which promises to stand fast, and hold through the 'ever and evermore.' Mamie—askance—and yet ever fascinated by the *growing* prowess of little brother 'kept her own'—an example quickly followed by her Willie,—an 'ensemble' worth mentioning. Mamie and he remained firm in the pranks of lovely childhood, ever without jealousy or malice intent. Their hours of gambol and beautiful friskiness were untainted by ugly or evil actions. Peace and love reigned paramount with all the children.

The little mysteries of childish misunderstandings being swept away by a general reign of consideration for each other's feelings—even in those early days."

"Vevey 1868-69—Willie grew on and up in stature, and strength of mind, frisking about so full of amiable vivacity. The little girls cared gently for dear little brother, while Johnnie began already upon Willie's apprenticeship in infantry athletics. Willie's great ambition was naturally directed to scenic effects of somersaults and gleeful gallops thru' the garden, while brother Johnnie looked on with fraternal indulgence, particularly in those younger days."

Of the summer of 1869, in the Engadine, at the Mineral Springs of Tarasp, my mother writes: "The drives from Tarasp, on the wild river side, were of such alternating grandeur and sweet repose that I find it difficult to describe. I drove often with the children from Schuls over these beautiful roads. Ruins, old castles and wierd nature, greeted our view, constantly in this wild ravine. Willie, little man, enjoyed these drives as well as the others, in his own line of capacity. In fact the children were so accustomed to these changes of enjoyment, in travel, that they grew to it rapidly, and it became second nature with them to accept it all as part of lovely and instructive existence. Their absorbing powers were quickened and their appreciation of noble, beautiful and healthful impressions strengthened, in making these excursions and taking these exquisite drives. It was enjoying it with appreciative companions as they quickly developed their tastes and informations. A beautiful view, a fine ruin, a drive, strange architecture, etc., always drew from them exclamations of interest and comparison with other scenes."

"Willie always behaved like a little hero on these long rides, and when he could be where he saw the ponies,

naturally his enthusiasms were more intense. Johnnie, Annie and Mamie all shared in the same devotion to the coupe seats, though the older ones certainly aspired to higher enjoyments than horse flesh."

"The winter of '69-70 found us in a new and charming apartment at Maison Gunther, where we remained until the summer of 1872. Willie rapidly developed into a bright, active, knowing boy, and one might almost call the favorite,—a charming, affectionate, shy, yet manly little spirit. One of his terrors, yet a great pride also, was his athletic training under brother John, who at the age of 13-14 (and so on until maturer periods) was intense in his manner of application, tho' carried out with the utmost strictness of duty, on his part."

"Willie's bright eyes and winning amiability always won him the devotion of his nurses, and this, added to the affection of the family, surrounded him in those days with bright happy hours. The little blossom, blooming, must have realized, methinks, this radius of love and care, for he always seemed so happy and lovely."

My mother's journals are unique in themselves. She wrote one for each of us four children, had them bound in leather, with names and dates stamped on the back, and then wrote some further ones to record her own special experiences. These journals, in addition to biographical matter relating to the members of our family, contain also many pictures taken from illustrated periodicals, picture cards, and souvenirs of one kind or another to recall places visited, the whole forming an absolutely original collection of impressions concerning art, music, travel and the beauties of nature.

CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD DAYS IN SWITZERLAND

I cannot say exactly when my aunts and grandmother left Clarens for Bern, Switzerland, but one fine day we found ourselves visiting them in a pleasant villa called Sonnenberg, a white house with green blinds, on the Schaenzli, overlooking the swift flowing blue green river Aar, and the city of Bern stretching in front of us on the opposite bank. This was the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Simpkin, a Swiss lady, who had married an Englishman, one of the most interesting women I have ever known. She was what might be termed an advanced woman, believing in women's rights and herself most efficient in ways generally supposed to belong only to men. She was full of resources and very active with a wholesome disregard of the limitations which the world customarily places on women. She was deeply religious, in a hearty sort of way, and for years joined my aunts in their daily Bible studies. She grew to be a constant joy to us children, for she was always doing something, carrying out some plan, going on some excursion, doing the unexpected. This phase of her character came out more strongly later when she moved to Interlaken and opened a Pension at the point on the road between Unterseen and the Lake of Thun, where the three snow giants of the Bernese Oberland can be seen together, the Yungfrau, Moench and Eiger.

The house on the Schaenzli in Bern was spacious and had a sloping garden in front into which a large round fountain basin had been built which was my delight. In the middle a graceful jet of water rose some ten feet into the air and fell back in beautiful curves of spray. This fountain basin fascinated me; I got so close to it one day, that I slipped in up to my middle, but managed to hide

my wet condition from my elders until I had dried off. At night I would hear the steady trickle of the fountain as I fell asleep and again as I awoke in the morning. It was to me a gentle companion and a joy. All my life I have had a special pleasure in playing fountains and have longed to have one of my own. Closely associated with this love is another, that for terraces, perhaps the result of playing on the terrace of St. Martin at Vevey in those early years, and being accustomed to climb to points of view with wide outlooks. All my life I have admired terraces shaded by trees and provided with stone balustrades. To be quite perfect these terraces must be graveled and have green benches and the view must extend over a lake or plain to some further mountains.

My visits to the villa Sonnenberg on the Schaenzli in Bern were suddenly cut off by the fact that my grandmother McCrackan died in Mrs. Simpkin's house, on November 10th, 1870, and was buried in the cemetery of Bern.

I do not remember attending any funeral. Probably the younger children stayed in Vevey. I only remember that for sometime grandmother's hymn was sung with special emphasis and solemnity in her memory on Sunday evenings. Thereafter she remained for us a tradition, a dim figure sitting upon a throne wearing a jeweled turban, the object of special reverence.

Mrs. Simpkin had two daughters, Nellie and Florrie, who became the especial care of my aunts and our playfellows, though they were somewhat younger than ourselves.

After my grandmother's death my aunts made their home in the Pension Anglaise, or English Pension, which Mrs. Simpkin opened on the road from the lake of Thun to Unterseen and Interlaken. They devoted themselves whole heartedly to Mrs. Simpkin and her two daughters,

and the Pension Anglaise became for us children, and particularly for me, a veritable joy. I loved every stick and stone of its surroundings, every room in its quaint wooden interior, playing in the hay loft and the stables and in the juicy grass of the meadows behind and beside the house. What a picture the garden with its graveled walks, the swift current of the deep blue Aar which was just perceptible across the fields, the wooded hill of the Heimwehfluh, the converging ranges of the Abendberg and the Schienige Platte and the exalted stateliness of the three snow peaks framed in between! Later when I was at boarding school, in Kornthal, near Stuttgart, I used to dream of this picture. It was an inspiration to me. I could not make others understand how precious it was, or how it had sunk into my very being, but I treasured it and kept it hidden in my heart until years later I wrote of it in my books on Switzerland.

We continued to live in Vevey after my aunts had settled in Interlaken. Our summers were not spent entirely with them. I remember certain summers at Loècheles-Bains, some hot springs off from the Rhone Valley at the southern foot of the Gemmi Pass. At that time many French families of the imperial regime who found their presence unwelcome in the newly constituted French Republic resorted to Loèche, and gave the sober little place a new element of gaiety. If I am not mistaken some members of the deposed Bonaparte family were there. We used to dance in the evenings and promenade up and down the only level stretch in the valley. The French were full of prattle, for even in their defeat they did not lose their manners. In those days German tourists were almost unheard of; the English, of course, were in the majority, and there was always a sprinkling of Americans, while in the French speaking Cantons of Switzerland, Russian and French visitors abounded.

There were two great public baths in Loèche, one for the poorer native bathers, and another one for the foreign visitors. The water was very hot. Men and women bathed in common in long flannel robes. As the cure was supposed to demand that people should soak for several hours in the water, the bathers were provided with little floating boards, on which breakfast was served, and on which they afterward played chess and checkers. We children took the baths as an excuse for a frolic, and learned to be very expert in squirting water at each other and others with the pressure of the two hands. Whenever visitors entered the gallery, which ran by the side of the bath, they were immediately handed a bag on a pole for a donation to the poor. If they tried to avoid the bag or refused to give, they were pelted with water and those who were expert at squirting water between their hands drove them from the place with howls of derision.

Loèche-les-Bains lies in a pocket. On one side rise the frowning cliffs of the Gemmi Pass on which a narrow zig-zag path has been cut to the top; on the other side is the mountain of the Torrenthorn, with which a very startling experience of my life is associated. Of this I shall speak presently. Let me first recall a little incident trifling in itself, but capable of a useful interpretation. A little boy friend and myself were enthusiastic butterfly catchers. Provided with the necessary gauze nets we wandered one day around the fields which skirted the level promenade until we entered the woods at the further end. Completely absorbed in our butterfly catching we wandered on and on in the enchanted valley, darting after the beautiful insects in the clearings, while the sun beamed through the branches and the wind shook the tree tops. We must have been gone a long time, for when we finally sauntered back leisurely towards the hotel, we were met

by a veritable search party of our elders who began to scold us for having given them such a fright. I can recall now my puzzled thoughts, which were similar to those I had when I was stopped from carrying away my little Russian friend's toy horse-car. Why should they have been frightened, I thought; I knew I was safe all the time. What were they worrying about?

One mid-night my father, Mamie and I set out to climb the Torrenthorn in order to arrive at the top by sunrise. My father walked, but he had provided a mule with its guide for us two children, to be used alternately. We reached the top while it was yet dark, and saw the whole glorious process of the sunrise in the Alps; the first touch of the rays upon the top-most snow peaks and the gradual piercing of the mountain valleys by the life-giving sunlight. On the way down a mishap occurred which put a stop to my mountain climbing for that season. We had reached a point below the timber line and were entering the forest at the time. Here let my mother's journal give her account of the accident as she recorded it:—

“In 1872, Willie met with an accident which might have been fearful in its consequences. Papa, Mamie and he made the excursion to the Torrenthorn. Willie was eight years of age. I believe they started at twelve o'clock night to reach the summit, 9,679 feet, in three and a half hours. This height commands a wonderfully fine panorama, an unbroken series of peaks, from Mont Blanc to the Simplon, with the Westhorn, or Bretschorn above the Lötschenthal and, at the head of that valley, or the principal Oberland peaks. The ridge ends in a precipice, dropping to wild crags, and the head of the small glacier Maing. They made a high ascent, but on descending, as Willie was being dismounted from his and Mamie's mule, the unruly animal backed up against the railing of the

zig-zag path, at the corner of a winding, thus dislodging the railing which flew in all directions. Dear Willie had been pressed through one of the openings and to the horror of father, sister, and guides, the dear little fellow disappeared entirely out of sight, with outlifted arms, calling out, 'Mamma, Mamma'! The mule followed him over the brink, dashing backwards with crash and final thud, deep below, hundreds of feet. Then all was still, save a low murmur of 'Mamma, Mamma'. Following the waft of whisper they caught sight of the lost boy, lying in a bush near, very near the edge of a precipice below them. He had thus been caught in his downward course, and by his light weight saved from further danger, while the mule dashed over him, down that precipice, near the edge of which our darling was lying stunned and bleeding. Guides and tourists coming up the mountain, rushed into side ways and discovered the unconscious child before our party could reach him. Meanwhile, dear Mamie, who had been kicked and jammed in the leg by the passing mule, rolled down the mountain side a way. She described herself as being left alone to pick herself up with aching leg, and horror-stricken heart, while the others were wildly and sadly looking out for dear little brother."

"Willie was brought home to me, semiunconscious, and immediately attended to by the hotel physician who found no bones broken, but who had fears of the head and back for the future. Ice was packed over the dear little head and then ensued a season of such intense distress and anxiety. He would open his eyes and smile, say 'Mamma' and then sleep again, scarcely expressing any pain. In about three days the suspense was over and he rallied very quickly. I think it was only six or seven days before he was down stairs at the dinner table with us, the hero of the hotel and place. He bore it

with his usual sweetness and manly behavior which have always been his chief characteristics. I never shall forget his reassuring smiles. It was almost unearthly, so pathetic and glorious—all at once,—and such a sure indication of his character at all times. ‘The flower of the family’ well earned his title, though as a mother I considered them all ‘flowers’, and consider them so still, all equally worthy of the same title. The only solicitous result was an unnatural nervousness, which lasted about six months and then passed entirely away, under careful ‘*Laissez aller*’ training.”

For myself, I can remember clutching at every projection as I rolled down the mountain and so gradually breaking any headway until I lay helpless. I can also remember my mother’s anxious face as she met me in the early morning on our return to Loeche after the accident, also my being put to bed. Mamie brought to my bedside all her toys and the treasures she had picked up in the mountains such as bright colored stones, etc., and gave them all to me without reservation. In my semi-dosing condition this love of my sister seemed to impress me more than all else about this whole experience. Her act is just as vivid in my thought now as the day it occurred.

As a family we were all homeopathists. I cannot recall taking any of the nauseous doses that most children were forced to swallow. We rather enjoyed the sugar pellets which my mother and aunts kept in pretty bottles inside of neat leather medicine cases. I am not so sure that taking medicine was not considered rather a pleasant joke by us children. We certainly never avoided the medicine bottle, but came to it at the call, meek as lambs and quite as willing. My homeopathic beginnings are listed among the many reasons for gratitude which I cherish towards my mother and in a degree also towards

my aunts. My father acquiesced in our homeopathic practices so that I include him in this ring of thanksgiving. In after years I learned to be grateful that the crudities of medical belief had never been instilled into my mind as a child, thus preparing me in a measure to recognize medicine more and more as mental.

The French guests at the hotel in Loeche-les-Bains had a very strong conviction that drinking water at any time was rather risky, and drinking it after eating fruit was almost sure to be fatal. When the Cornings joined us there and we Americans all sat together at table d'hôte, drinking water perfectly recklessly, our best friends among the French used to watch us with ominous shakings of the head. Little decanters of white or red wine were placed beside each plate and the French people felt that there was no excuse for this uncalled for water drinking. On more than one occasion I was privately warned by anxious mothers of the awful consequences of mixing fruit with water ; besides, the effect of our American foolhardiness was most disconcerting to these good people.

Here let me introduce another extract from my mother's journal referring to Loeche days. "1874, Leukerbad (Loeche-les-Bains) : Our summers there were passed in happy hours, meeting with people of all nations ; baths, walks, excursions, music and dancing generally in the evenings ; parlor concerts for charity, at which John distinguished himself at the violin, and Mamie and Nellie (Corning) at the piano *en duett*, at the age of twelve. I remember well the admiration that Willie and Nellie (Corning) elicited from the evening crowds, by their exquisite dancing. It was a dainty sight indeed—Willie so courteous to his partner, with his handsome face, and Nellie, the little coquette. These years of travel were happy ones. This exquisite life of outdoor enjoyment, and study combined, laid the foundation, I am

sure, of their strong simplicity and beauty of taste and their happy or rather philosophical yielding to circumstances."

Closely intertwined with my childhood joys is the recollection of the wild flowers of Switzerland. The slopes behind Vevey and Montreux, facing the south, are particularly favored by position and climate to grow an abundant crop of some of the loveliest of those wild flowers which grace the districts below the snow line. In the month of May, the white narcissus with its yellow centre and delicious perfume covers the fields with gleaming splashes resembling snow patches. This flower so highly prized in America offers itself in countless numbers, free to all for the picking. Those were gleeful spring-tide days when we children spread ourselves over the grass gathering handfuls of the precious flower with shouts of triumph. Sweet scented violets, both the purple and the white variety, were found in profusion along the briar hedges, forget-me-nots and primroses were among the earliest to cover the banks of the brooks with glory. The cowslips also of the open field were much liked by us and the buttercups in moist places.

As I grew older and became acquainted with the wild flowers of the higher altitudes I promptly adopted for my special favorite the little star gentian of the Alps. I have never wavered in my loyalty to this bright mountain friend no matter how resplendent the floral beauties of other climes may have appeared to me. The closest competitor for my affections among the wild flowers came in the form of the Mayflower of New Hampshire, the trailing arbutus which I learned to know so well during my school days in Concord, New Hampshire. This too is a star shaped little messenger. The Alpine gentian to which I refer is of an intense blue, such as I have never seen matched by any other member of the floral

kingdom. This blue is not exactly that of the sea nor that of the sky, but a glorious blend of the two, typifying a superb union of the water and the air. The star gentian grows close to the ground in the short crisp grass of the mountains, sometimes individually and again clustered in little groups of vivid color which literally jumps to the eyes, as the French say. There is a joyous white centre amid the blue but no shading off in color, just a single powerful expression of utmost liveliness. To pounce upon one of these when the climbing season began in the early summer, was a supreme delight, to kneel upon the juicy sod and stick it in my hat was an added exhilaration. These gentians could be taken home, placed in a dish filled with water and so would remain fresh for many a glad day.

Another flower of which I was very fond was the alpine rose, a wild rhododendron which grows on exposed points above the timber line. The far famed edelweiss I did not gather as a boy, it had already begun to be scarce on account of its sale to the tourists. It was only later in my mountain climbing experiences that I picked this flower in the Alps. It also is star shaped but has no special beauty of color being of a dull white with a yellowish centre and its texture like felt. In the steep woods back of the Pension Simpkin we used to find the lovely megenta colored cyclamen, a flower which is cultivated in America and a great favorite as a potted plant for the window. The wild cyclamen is sweet scented and the underpart of the leaf is red, of about the same hue as the flower itself. In these woods there were supposed to be some snakes, and, rumor said, bad ones too, but I never met that kind.

I early learned to admire also many other varieties of gentians, especially the single bell gentian which lays its head upon the turf and glories also in great brilliancy

of blue which shades off towards the centre. In the fall a dark blue gentian used to grow in the marshes of the lowlands, several flowers upon a long stalk. This flower grows also in New Hampshire and in certain of the middle states of the United States. A pale lavender fringed gentian we used to find in great profusion on the Gemmi Pass in Switzerland. There were also the little wild pinks, the purple daisies, the many varieties of primulas and the flowering rock mosses.

My mother would take some of the flowers we had gathered for her and placing them on the table would copy them in embroidery. This original work was much admired; some pieces of her embroidery are still preserved in the family.

For Christmas times there was always a great abundance of holly and mistletoe, both being very beautiful though frowned upon by genuine agriculturalists as nuisances. Never do I remember such glossy spikey leaves and redder berries than those of the holly trees in the Swiss woods, but the state forester could not say a good word for them; he made it his business to extirpate them as far as possible. The mistletoe grew principally on the great walnut trees along the roads and in the fields.

Among my feathered friends the birds, I reckon the gulls which lived on Lake Lemman, voracious and shrieking over the minnows which ventured too near the surface of the water. They had their principal homes at the upper end of the lake at the mouth of the river Rhone where some wide sand bars offered secluded places. They were particularly expert in snatching bits of bread thrown into the air, as they swooped by with great swiftness. The usual European song birds are to be found in Switzerland, the skylark, robin redbreast, and night-

ingales in sheltered garden thickets. I recall the magpies darting among the apple orchards with sudden cries. Many stories were told us of the way they had been known to steal bright bits of jewelry or silver and carry them off to their nests, but with all my watching I never saw a magpie carry off anything more valuable than a worm. In the woods at Interlaken, we sometimes heard owls or came upon foxes running through the clearings.

In the heights I frequently saw the amusing marmots, not unlike American woodchucks, but somewhat larger and heavier. They lived in colonies among the rocks just beneath the line of perpetual snow and had a regular system of defence. A sentinel would be stationed to observe all intruders; as soon as anyone was sighted coming up the mountain this sentinel would whistle a shrill note of warning and the whole colony would disappear like a flash into their holes. Boys from Savoy frequently caught and trained them, travelling about to eke out a pittance. At Loeche I remember meeting a Savoyard boy who had a marmot which he had trained to say, "Papa" and "Mama" quite distinctly. As for the chamois I never got a good sight of them in their wild state except through a telescope. I have however, seen their tracks on the upper snows when they had been frightened by my approach and had taken great leaps, some twenty feet in length.

From the Schynige Platte above Interlaken, the view of the snow giants of the Bernese Oberland is particularly fine. Here it was that I saw the daughter of Queen Victoria, the then Crown Princess of Germany and her suite. There was no railroad to the top in those days and those who did not walk rode on horseback by the very steep path. I can recall that there was quite a company and several horses in the Princess' party; she herself was walking when she reached the top and I was

especially struck with the fact that so distinguished a lady should wear a red bandana handkerchief wound around her head. Her enjoyment of the exploit was very evident and her manner was unaffected and unconventional, more so than that of her suite. She had a wholesome, ruddy, sunburnt face and looked like a girl out on a lark. From what I have learned since I can guess that she was glad of the momentary freedom from the stiff German entourage.

The summer of 1870 was spent principally on the Rigi, at a place on this mountain designated as Rigi-Klösterli, on account of a little pilgrimage chapel maintained there. Of our stay on the Rigi my mother writes in her journal: "The children enjoyed the daily milk, fresh from the cow, and presented themselves always with their glass as the cows were brought up to the hotel to be milked. We spent a few weeks there of quiet rural enjoyment. The air was very exhilarating, and we daily took lovely walks below and above; and above all I never shall forget the hopeless sensation I had once, when sitting on a mountain top, overlooking the lake, with the children and nurse, to find ourselves suddenly enveloped in dense sheets of mist which excluded all vision to within an outstretched arm. I called loudly for the children. They came running to me, but it seemed as if their little forms took sinewy shapes of mortal and mist. Together we crawled up from my grassy mound, feeling as if great tortuous arms might pull us over the edge of our precipice straight down to the lake. With a shiver I turned my back to it all almost faint with apprehension that we might inadvertently turn around and down to the water's edge. We soon began to run, feeling our way through the thickness of fog with bated breath, the little people sharing my agitation, until with a bound at last we found ourselves completely out of reach of this lake episode.

We returned home by the mountain way very exuberant, then, over the adventure."

At the time of which I am writing there were no mountain railroads in Switzerland, except the one on the Rigi, which did not, however, run to the very top of the range. The most striking recollection of this time was a night excursion on foot to the summit of Rigi-Kulm, to see the sun rise from that commanding height. To us children the trip was full of startling experiences. There was first of all the being awakened in the middle of the night and finding ourselves dressed at that unearthly hour, then there was the mysterious caravan of people winding its way up the mountain zig-zags until we reached the top. My mother did not make this night trip, but went later by day. She rarely walked on these long excursions in those days, but used to be carried in the manner then very common, on a chair called a *Tragsessel*, fitted with side poles, one carrier going before and the other behind and generally two further guides going along to relieve them. We liked to have our mother go along, as she deeply loved the wild flowers, and this enabled us to bring them to her fresh from the picking in order to see her joy and receive her thanks.

The top of the Rigi-Kulm was reached before the first peep of dawn, so that we had the whole effect of the earth below lying in darkness, followed by the superb touches of red upon the surrounding snow peaks and the gradual awakening of lake, countryside and mountain under the advancing rays of the sun. This was my first of many experiences in watching the sunrise from many mountains in many lands. As usual I carried away some surprise from such first events,—it was the bitter cold on the Rigi-Kulm. We were all wrapped in blankets brought from the small hotel situated just below the top, but in spite of this the cold cut into my face, and my

surprise was, that this could happen in summer. I thought much about this and was greatly puzzled. The second surprise came when I was told that I must not look into the sun after it had risen into the heavens. I found myself doing this without any difficulty and wondered why others around me thought they found harm in doing so.

Another excursion connected with those early days was to the Little Scheidegg in the Bernese Oberland. To-day people step into a train and alight at the top of the pass without having walked a foot, except to change trains at Grindelwald. We took a carriage to Grindelwald from Interlaken, my father, the aunts and children. At Grindelwald the horses were unharnessed and saddled for the trip up the rough mountain path. Of this trip I can only recall that a heavy rainstorm broke over us after we had reached the top and that we had to make our way down again in the rain. We children were wrapped in blankets from the hotel on the pass, but in spite of this were drenched to the skin. The carriage horses were not accustomed to mountain climbing, so that they labored greatly in making the ascent, and were by no means very sure footed in descending. We were so heavily muffled in our blankets that we had some difficulty in clinging to the wet saddles while the horses plunged about in the rain. At one point I was found hanging by my stirrups over the edge unable to right myself and had to be lifted upon the saddle again. This adventure on the Little Scheidegg was long cherished by us all, the various incidents being preserved with much glee and told over and over again certainly without losing anything thereby.

It is with the warmest feelings that I look back to those wonderful drives over the splendid carriage roads which formed the main arteries of travel before the rail-

roads came to the Oberland. My favorite seat was on the box next to the driver with a full view of the road, the horses and the scenery beyond. From this point of vantage I saw much of Switzerland, stowing up unconsciously many impressions for future writing upon the subject. On the long hills we children used to jump down, stretch our legs, pick wayside flowers, find short cuts to the upper zigzags, brush the flies from the horses and generally disport ourselves.

With Vevey I associate the following incident of childhood temptation, brought about by some chocolate creams which my mother kept in a drawer. She was generosity itself and gave all of us children more than we could ask, and with great impartiality. My mother had given each one some of these delicious chocolate creams, but in some way I saw where she kept them, in a certain bureau drawer, and thereafter several times went and helped myself. They tasted remarkably good. I could not remember eating anything quite so delicious before, but on this occasion I was conscious of doing something wrong and I did not feel comfortable about it. Undoubtedly I learned my lesson then.

Another incident connected with Maison Gunther comes to mind as I write. While we were at Loècheles-Bains John had been away in the mountains with the Corning boys performing prodigies of climbing and walking. Tales of their exploits came to my ears through several series of repetitions and certainly lost nothing in the telling. These three American boys were not likely to do anything according to tradition, and it is on record for instance that they insisted in sleeping out in a tent instead of using the mountain inns and hotels. On his return to Vevey John was all for trying out some of his mountain exploits on the Maison Gunther. He was never a boy who talked much about his exploits; he went

to work and did things. Even later in his ministerial career he was never merely a preacher but a doer of the word. So without much explanation, John decided to use me for one of his experiments and harden me at the same time.

The Maison Gunther had a pretty little stone balcony out of my mother's room overlooking the garden. John took me to this balcony and tying a rope around my middle, let me down over the balcony parapet into the garden far below, without a by-your-leave, as far as I was concerned. This was repeated several times to make sure that the feat was successful. I was just hanging in mid air, on one of these aerial descents, when my mother and sisters came into the garden and saw the startling sight. Of course John and I both greatly enjoyed their surprise and fear, and promptly repeated the performance to show them how easy it was.

After the conclusion of peace between France and Germany my father took John on a visit to Paris to see the half destroyed Tuilleries and other evidence of the devastation wrought by the Germans and the Commune. From there they went to Berlin and saw the entry of the triumphant German troops into the capital of the New German Empire. When in 1878 we passed through Paris on the way home to the United States the ruined portions of the Tuilleries were still standing. My father at this time also took a trip to Oberammergau in the Bavarian Highlands to attend the famous Passion Play. He was deeply interested in it, and talked to us a good deal about it on his return, bringing many photographs with him. This is significant on account of the close connection John was to have in his later years with Oberammergau and his friendship with the peasant actors in the Passion Play.

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOL DAYS IN EUROPE

In 1872 we left Vevey, Switzerland and moved to Stuttgart, the capital of the Kingdom of Württemberg. Southern Germany of that day was still largely untouched by the ambitious designs of the north. The Franco-Prussian war had started much industrial activity and there were the beginnings of financial prosperity, but there was still great opposition to the rigors of the Prussian military system which was being forced upon the country, and to the state tyranny which was creeping into the schools. The people of Stuttgart and of Württemberg in general still maintained the traditions which had endeared Germany to countless English and American visitors. Every large city had its colony of English speaking people who were educating their children in the excellent schools and musical conservatories and enjoying the theatrical and operatic performances of the state-aided stock companies. A number of American boys were always in attendance at the famous universities and even joined in a measure in the so-called duelling habits of the different corps. There was some intermarrying between well-to-do American girls and German officers. The children of the home Germans and the visiting English and Americans associated freely with each other, learned each others' languages, and gained mutually from such companionship.

The blight of a secret desire for world domination had not yet made itself felt in Germany, nor had the study of occult psychology fastened its influence upon the governing thought of the country. The old Emperor William I, made a picturesque figure with his two principal supporters, Bismark and Von Moltke. The people of southern Germany, and probably of the whole country,

would have been inexpressibly shocked had they suspected the future which was being secretly prepared for them by their philosophers and military dreamers.

The controversy of music in Stuttgart had a wide reaching reputation under the pianist Lieber. Connoisseurs said that its method was somewhat methodical and stiff, but that musicians who acquired its technique might later free themselves from its limitations and do really great things. All of us children were put to doing something in the musical line, but I alone did not carry the work forward, and soon gave up the piano lessons, which had to be forced upon me, although I retained a deep love for music.

I was first placed in a small school to prepare for the lowest class of the Latin Gymnasium as it was called. In this first school I was picking up German as a necessary preliminary to entering the big public school. I recall going a few times to a teacher for special lessons. He used to sit in a dressing room with a great mug of beer by his side and had a blotched red face which impressed me as very singular, as I had no conception at that time of the disfiguring physical effects of drink. He was evidently the typical old professor of the German comic paper, as they were depicted in the genial old days.

There was also some sort of a Sunday school attached to this preparatory school. The teacher of this was the direct opposite of the one with the mug of beer. He was of a spiritual type and greatly attracted me, for I could quickly seize the spiritual import of his questions to the class. Later we children attended an English Evangelistic service and Sunday school during the rest of our stay at Stuttgart.

In due time I was admitted to the lowest class in the Latin Gymnasium and began my studies among typical German boys of the city. My lace shoes were at once

an object of derision, since all German boys wore high boots to the knees, and so for peace sake my father had to provide me with boots like the others. Colored caps were also worn by the different classes; I can recall that mine was a brilliant red.

In recording my experiences at this school I cannot do better than insert here a little article I find in my scrap book, written by me at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and printed in the school newspaper, the *Horae Scholasticae*, on March 18th, 1882.

A GERMAN GYMNASIUM (AT STUTTGART, WURTTENBERG)

I shall never forget my feelings when I passed my entrance examinations. The requirements were very small; reading and writing, with a little arithmetic, was all in which we were examined, yet I have never had less breath in my body, nor have my knees ever been in a more shaky condition, than they were then. The grave professors of that old Gymnasium have always inspired me with the greatest awe, and the most profound reverence. If I should meet one some day in New York, in the street, I would be sure to step aside, and salute him with the most humble of bows, as in the old days when we were severely chastised for omitting to conduct ourselves in the most deferential manner toward our superiors. The doors of the building were opened precisely at eight o'clock in the morning by the janitor, and in a few minutes we were all in our places. Latenesses were treated with the stick, except in case of excuses, and after a little "prelude" of this kind the studying began. We had Latin two or three hours every day; arithmetic, geography, and writing, i.e., formation of letters, were dispersed between at odd times. Spelling and history we learnt from the way in which we studied Latin. We

used to translate historical anecdotes from our composition-books, and were then supposed to know not only the Latin translation, but also the subject-matter, with any dates which might occur. In this manner we learnt something about history before getting into higher forms, where, of course, it was carefully studied. I have here been speaking of the two lowest classes, the first and second, for my personal experience does not reach any higher. Once a week, on Wednesdays, the master, who taught us in everything, dictated a German composition to be translated in class. This was called the *Proloco*, and was written for our places in class, as the name indicates. We had to write it all in class, and I have often stayed in the room till after dinner time, puzzling out my *Proloco*. Next morning the master had them all corrected, and would distribute them along the form in the order in which we were to sit, calling out the names as he went along. How my heart has sunk "sometimes," when the first bench was all occupied, and my name had not yet been called! On Saturdays we always had an *Argumentum*, to "prove" what we had learnt during the week: often it proved the opposite. This was also a written exercise, but we had the privilege of taking that home, as it did not decide our positions in the class. We all had little note-books, wherein the master wrote our "decorum" at the end of the week. It was not in the shape of a mark, but he expressed it as "good," "moderate," etc., except that the German language afforded a countless variety of attributes, and by making a collection of such the master could make the meaning as obscure as he chose. I have no doubt, however, that a true German could always have them made out. This little book we had to bring back next day with our parent's signature, thus excluding all possibility of giving wrong impressions at home. During the two years

which I spent there, we never read a single author, but studied the grammar and syntax with such application that Caesar would not have presented the slightest difficulty to us;—in fact, the idea seems to be to get the structure of the language, and a large vocabulary well fixed, then only to “read” an author, and not “wade” through.

We learnt, comparatively speaking, very little arithmetic and geography, but more attention was paid to them in the third year, so I heard. They had a strange custom of taking an annual walk. Each master took charge of his own class, and having met at an appointed place in the city, they would start off on a walk, and be gone all day. The numerous inns afforded a good opportunity for refreshments and rest; there was plenty of beer after the German fashion, and sometimes wine. But what has contributed especially to my admiration of their school system was another custom, which, I think, might be adopted with good effect in this country. On very hot days we used to have the afternoon to ourselves, under the name of “heat-holiday.” Then we would all go bathing, and such afternoons would wipe out many a blue and black mark, or a headache from too much banging on the head. In fact, this practice of flogging was so frequent that some wretches had to wear thick trousers all summer. I think I would do almost anything to impress upon the schools of this country the superior advantages of the “heat-holiday.”

The school rooms of the Latin Gymnasium were bare and ugly, the discipline sharp and unquestioned; the bamboo rod being freely used, the head cuffed or the ears pulled as the teacher might fancy. A particularly bad “Argumentum” called for several biting strokes on the hand, called *Tatzen*, a flagrant mistake in a Latin conjugation was also frequently punished with the rod. All

pupils were required to doff their hats instantly when passing teachers in the school halls or on the street. A failure to do this brought fierce looks and a public scolding, and perhaps a rap on the side of the head. There was already creeping into the public schools of Stuttgart the first symptoms of that disciplinary hate which steadily increased until at the time of the great world war in 1914, it had become a national vice which was looked upon as a virtue.

It was in the river Neckar at Kannstadt, close to Stuttgart, that I finally learned to swim. The accomplishment came suddenly after I had been struggling for sometime to take a few strokes, but without reaching any control. Then one day I found myself swimming naturally and knew that the greatly desired ability to swim had come, thus giving me an athletic sport which I have enjoyed ever since.

I had a similar experience while learning to skate. With some boy friends I found myself one day on a hill above Stuttgart. It was at that time a bleak place disfigured by a quarry called the Daegerloch. Water had collected here and formed a pond which on that day was well frozen over. Here I learned to skate as suddenly as I had learned to swim in the Neckar. I had tried to skate many times before, especially on what was known as the Feuersee, a pond situated in Stuttgart itself, in front of the church of St. John (*Johanniskirche*), but without success. On that day, however, at the Daegerloch, my previous efforts were crowned with success; I found the knack and have greatly enjoyed skating in different parts of the world ever since.

There was an interval before I attended the Latin Gymnasium when I went with my sisters to a private school conducted by Pastor Schmid and his daughters, situated on a street which branched off from the Neckar

Strasse. The Schmid family remained friends of ours as long as we lived in Stuttgart. They were examples of plain living and good education. Of the school itself, I remember little, except that it was not large and that it was attended by some English and American boys and girls who were learning the three R's and German at the same time.

In walking to that school, we used to pass through the long avenue of horse-chestnut trees which skirted the old castle and the modern royal palace, and here we frequently met the then King Carl of Württemberg walking with his Chamberlain. He was a tall slim man with a silky beard and apparently not highly considered by the public. I remember once out of bravado twitching his long coat as I passed him.

The kingdom of Württemberg was Protestant. There was much genuine spirituality among the people, much individual questioning and individual religious experience. The process of standardizing all thought and bringing it into conformity and uniformity with state policy was already going forward, but it had not reached the ominously rapid pace of a few years later. There were devout people seeking to know God directly without state interference, and the native simplicity, piety and wholehearted kindness of these, acted as good channels for religious sincerity. The newly constituted Germany had but lately defeated Roman Catholic powers, Austria in 1866 and France in 1871. To the simple hearted Protestants of Southern Germany, these achievements might well have appeared to point to a noble mission for the newly arisen great power. Bismark with his Kultur-Kamp seemed destined to achieve religious independence for the whole empire. Before Bismark's attempt broke down, the Protestants of Southern Germany might well have looked upon him as the leader of a great Crusade, a

modern Luther who might definitely finish the work begun at the time of the Reformation. There was little in the France of Napoleon III to inspire confidence or awaken hope. That country was pitifully priest ridden, and therefore lacked public schools. It had been manipulated to such an extent that it was not wise to allow its schemes to develop. The good people of Württemberg could not have guessed that the breakdown of Bismark's Kultur-Kamp against the Vatican was giving them over and the whole of Germany into dependence upon a foreign power which eventually in the great world war of 1914 would use them for its own ends.

During my residence as a boy in Stuttgart, Germany was really deciding its fate. It had an opportunity to choose the better part, it was induced to choose the worse ; but in the Stuttgart of my recollection the outlook for an honest, noble, unselfish and generous Germany was still excellent. There was a great deal in the public and private life of the city which was full of genial charm, simple, wholesome and helpful to foreign visitors.

I find another article in my scrap book, indeed the very first which was ever printed and which dealt with the regular daily playing of the military band in the great square in front of the royal palace. I reprint here from the *Horae Scholasticae* for April 4th, 1881.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYS (IN STUTTGART)

As the European powers nowadays are forced to maintain large standing armies, military bands are numerous. It is desirable that they should have as much practice as possible, hence it has become a custom in most important cities of the Continent, and especially of Germany, to have a band play every day at a fixed time and in a fixed place. So also in Stuttgart, the flourishing capital of Württemberg.

At noon the large court of the barracks is filled with soldiers, in the black and red infantry uniform of Germany, while officers, some of them decorated with medals, strut around superintending affairs in general. Presently, at the word of command, every man is in his place, the band at the head, next a detachment of soldiers: with the drum and fife, the bright column marches down the street, followed by a host of small boys, mimicking the dignified tread of the commanding officer, or the movements of the drum-major. As the crowd moves it gathers strength, like an avalanche rolling down a snow-slope. School-boys and students, just out from their various gymnasiums, who are neatly poising the bright-coloured caps of their different classes on the sides of their heads, fall into step. Everybody falls into step; it is an irresistible impulse, which drives even the smallest urchin in the crowd to stretch his legs to their utmost extent. As soon as the drum-major, with a final flourish of his baton, enters the principal street, the Königs Strasse, the band strikes up a march, the crowd thickens; it is impossible to walk in the opposite direction, for the mass of human beings carries all before it, and seems animated by one impulse only, to keep up with the soldiery.

At the end of the Königs Strasse a striking scene presents itself. Before you lies a large square, cut into countless divisions by gravel-walks, and bright with beds of flowers of every description and hue. Curious devices are worked out in grasses of various shades, ribbons, tassels, etc., while two large fountains, playing incessantly, throw water high into the air. These fountains, combined with the flowers, give great freshness to the whole square. On one side stands the Königs Bau, built by William, the favorite king of Württemberg,—a long building, and in Doric style, if my memory does not deceive me, somewhat severe, but forming a charm-

ing contrast with the palace, which is opposite. This palace is a fair example of the Renaissance style. It consists of a long main building, with two wings almost as large as itself, thus forming a court, where the royal carriage may often be seen waiting for His Majesty, King Karl. On the two other sides of the square, are the court theatre and the old castle; the first a modern building, and the other a well-preserved monument of the feudal times. The tout ensemble forms a picture never to be forgotten,—a mixture of the old and new, of the sombre and bright.

Into this place, then, the company marches. Presently the band leaves the detachment of soldiers, who repair to the back of the palace, and there wait until it has finished playing; it then takes its stand in a little round music-house. For the marches which have been played hitherto, selections from favorite operas are now substituted, and such music as the most classical of classical professors of music cannot object to, for Stuttgart is extremely particular about its music.

While the band plays, groups, sauntering along the walks, converse in subdued voices, or listen silently to the music. Here, two lovers, unmindful alike of music and surroundings; there, a knot of dandies, scanning everybody with a critical stare; while ever and anon the eye falls upon the bright uniform of an officer, happily set off by the less gaudy attire of the civilian. Also many students from the University can be seen, who number their duels by the scars on their faces, followed usually by a favorite dog: sometimes it is a fierce bull-dog, sometimes an impudent Spitz Hund. Grave professors and captivating officers vie with each other in attention to the fair. Everybody is made happy by the music, which has almost become one of the necessities of life in Germany.

The band plays perhaps an hour, then the detachment of soldiers marches up again; the band joins it and they are off, followed by the same crowd of martial spirits, which is mostly represented by youths, who one day will all have to become soldiers themselves. The older and less enthusiastic remain for a while in the square to discuss the music, but, soon warned by the clock of the Stifts Kirche that it is time for dinner, they gradually disperse to their several homes.

After two years at the Latin Gymnasium I was sent to a boarding school at Kornthal, a little village near Stuttgart, the seat of an unorthodox evangelical religious community which had been given certain special privileges by a former King of Württemberg. It was a small place, inhabited by peasants who were engaged in tilling their fields and minding their own business. The community maintained a boys' and a girls' school, which were largely attended by children from foreign countries. In the boys' school there were no German boys at all, as far as I can remember at this writing, but a number of English and American boys and quite a delegation of Hungarian Protestants. My impression is, that many of these boys were the sons of missionaries. Only two aspects of the religious teaching of this community remain in my mind; first, that sickness was due to sin and so that right living would keep people well; and secondly there was a strong opposition to military service. From the latter fact it would seem that the religious system of the Kornthal community had something in common with that of the Quakers, although I have no further evidence to support this term than my boyish impression.

At Kornthal I had my first introduction to the games of football, and hockey from my English school mates, and to a semblance of baseball from the American boys. The school maintained a playground about a mile from

the village with a pond for skating; here we also had training in jumping and exercising on the parallel and horizontal bars. At Kornthal I formed a lasting friendship with an English boy by the name of Pengelley, who later went to Asia Minor, where a brother of his was already established as the agent of the Scotch firm of McAndrews and Forbes, dealers in licorice. Pengelley was our best football player. In running he had a graceful deer like action which was both beautiful and effective. As we were not allowed to tackle below the belt in those days he was difficult to stop, not only by reason of his swiftness, but also because just as you were ready to catch him he would give a peculiar bound which carried him free. He was always good natured in his play. The American boys started playing baseball a little and the English joined in, but persisted in calling the game rounders. I also formed a friendship with another English boy named Bond. We corresponded for a while after leaving Kornthal, but I later lost track of Bond, whereas I continued to write to Pengelley and I visited him in Asia Minor about ten years after. Others of my special friends were Fred and Horace Scudder of New York and John Hinchman of Brooklyn.

The school took daily walks along the country roads and forest paths when we were not at the playgrounds. On these occasions Fred Scudder and I played Indian, pretending to carry out scenes from Cooper's Red Stocking Tales, waylaying the other boys and making sudden disappearances behind the trees. During the warm weather we were allowed on occasions to go as a body to Kannstadt for the bathing in the Neckar. The distance must have been quite five miles or more by the road, so if the day was very hot, the school provided rough farm wagons with loose boards on which we sat and were bumped and jolted the whole distance. After our swim,

we would gather at a typical German beer garden in the afternoon for refreshments. I remember the great hunks of rough country bread and a powdered green cheese, called Kreidekäs.

The principal of the school was Dr. Pfeiderer, a theologian of some note, a kindly, somewhat pompous man, whose association with the boys and their parents of many lands had put him in touch with the great world outside of Kornthal and Germany. He believed in very simple fare; one of his common sayings was that it was well to get up from table a little hungry. Certain it is that Kornthal operated a most wholesome change in my appetite. Up to my entering this school I had been very particular about my food, indeed certain articles of food seemed to disagree with me to such an extent that after trying to persuade me to conquer my unusual aversions my parents had considered it the part of wisdom to let me work it out in my own way. When I left Kornthal I felt I could eat anything. My friend Bond once had some special good things sent to him from home and invited Pengelley and myself to share them with him. We went up to the dormitory to enjoy the feast. There was a box of sardines among the lot. Bond opened it and we lifted them out by the tails and swallowed them hungrily. I used to think I could not eat sardines on account of my distaste for the oil.

A very remarkable man came to Kornthal while I was there and married a daughter of Dr. Pfeiderer. He was a Frenchman named Paul Vernier. He was very short, bald and somewhat corpulent, but his profile was singularly handsome and he wore a long silky beard. He had served as a Protestant missionary and was very much enlightened in regard to world problems. His temper at times seemed ungovernable, especially when he felt that evil should be rebuked. I remember his chas-

tizing an English boy, as we would say, within an inch of his life. In my later years when I began the study of Swiss history, he always reminded me of those fiery French Huguenot reformers who took refuge in Switzerland.

Mr. Vernier was exceedingly able as a teacher both of French and English. I remember his indignation one day when I spelled the word "attack" as "attach" in a translation I had made for him. He had invented a most ingenious and logical method of teaching French grammar with very few rules. I consider him one of the most gifted men I have ever known, although we were all afraid of him, I had then and retain to this day an underlying affection for him, especially as I know what it means for a French Protestant to uncover the abuses of the traditional church of his native country without a scientific understanding of the nothingness of hypnosis.

After leaving Kornthal I never again saw Mr. Vernier. I was once lecturing in Mexico City where I had been granted an interview with President Diaz along with a party of other Americans and was preparing to resume my journey by returning to the United States, when I was introduced to a young man by the name of Vernier who was there in business. As soon as I heard the name my thought sprang back to Kornthal days and I said, "The only time I have heard that name was many years ago when I was at school in Europe. We had a French teacher of that name who was a very remarkable man." The young man looked at me sharply and later taking me aside told me that he was the son of Mr. Paul Vernier. "Then you are the baby which was born in Kornthal while I was there as a boy. I remember seeing you carried about in your nurse's arms."

The Corning family moved to Stuttgart at about the

same time as we did, and joined us in an apartment house at No. 1 Sennefelder Strasse, where they occupied the floor above us, while we took as usual the *bél étage*. Fred Corning studied the violin with great enthusiasm at this time, becoming very proficient, with a brilliant touch, while Len played the flute equally well. The Corning boys and John rigged up a small gymnasium in the basement of this house in which they performed prodigies on the parallel and horizontal bars. I was admitted occasionally into this place of wonders and allowed to stand in awe of Len's arm muscle which he would draw up at such times for my special benefit. The Corning boys also conceived the idea at this time of building a boat and travelling down the river Neckar as far as it would carry them, doubtless having in mind the flat-boating on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers at home. John joined in this project, but I was not admitted to it; it was for big boys only. The whole affair was shrouded in considerable mystery, the boat being built by the boys in the basement of a neighboring house; indeed, we might not have known anything about it, but for the fact that the boys continued to work on this boat one Sunday, and so brought the police upon them, for Stuttgart had strict Sunday laws. The trouble with the police was so delightful an adventure that the boys could not keep it to themselves and so the Corning and McCrackan families had to be told.

The two families later moved around the corner into a newly built house at No. 59 Reimsburg Strasse, the Cornings taking the apartment above us as usual, and we the *bel étage*. Here we remained until we returned to the United States in July of 1878. This house was not quite finished when we moved into it. I remember watching the decorators executing some frescoes on the ceiling of the entrance hall, and of the principal rooms. Our

large apartment had a circular central hall upon which opened the parlor and my father's sitting room furnished with rich hangings and upholstered furniture in brown, also my mother's music room with her harp and a grand piano, as well as the dining room. My sister's room was furnished in blue and pink, blue for Annie, and pink for Mamie, these colors having been adopted by them and continuing to be accepted by the family in general as particularly suited to each. John and myself slept in a regular green room, with heavy green hangings and a great green lounge.

In my father's room I remember a painting in a gilt frame for which I had a special reverence. It represented the American Flag intertwined with another flag, either that of the State of California or of Connecticut. At this time in Stuttgart also I remember my father instructing me out of a book on American citizenship to my great joy, for I was very hungry for every word about America and listened with avidity to what he told me about his early days in New Haven and about California in the days of '49. My love for America was a veritable passion.

In 1873 my mother, John and Annie made a memorable trip to the United States. They revisited the scenes of former days and my mother's relatives in New York, Hartford, Norwalk and Stamford. In due time they returned with wonderful tales and photos of family groups and relatives whose very names were unknown to me. My father stayed in Europe with us and on one occasion in Stuttgart he sent home for some American canned goods to show me, who had never been home, some of the products of my own country. There were some cans of cooked corn and some very tough cooked oysters in the consignment, which I did my best to like, out of boyish motives, even though I had to hide my real

feelings. At one time John, as a growing boy, had been ordered to eat corn cake, or Johnnie cake, as we called it, which had to be especially made for him, as such a thing was unheard of in Stuttgart and I used to take nibbles of this corn cake to make myself feel that I was a real American.

In Stuttgart John attended the Real Gymnasium, while I attended the Latin Gymnasium. He had a decided taste for mechanical contrivances and the Real Gymnasium provided technical education. He carried a large drawing portfolio with rulers to and fro from school while at home he dabbled in chemical experiments. His room was full of glass retorts, bottles and strange smells, but there was a special gas burner which we children used for a very simple and pleasant purpose which was not chemical at all. We would go to the corner grocery, kept by a certain Strohmayer and invest some pennies in cooking chocolate. With the aid of this gas burner we soon had several cups of chocolate ready to which we would invite our playmates.

At this time we children learned to walk on stilts and soon had Nellie Corning doing the same. For a time we almost lived on our high poles, for we could walk up and down stairs on them, out into the yard or into the hall of our apartment; and it was only with difficulty that we could be separated from our stilts when we went to our meals or went to bed.

There was quite an American colony in Stuttgart in those days. Most of the young people were perfecting themselves in the schools, while their elders were taking advantage of the excellent concerts and theatrical and operatic performances. We became very friendly with the Hinchmans from Brooklyn. Mr. Hinchman was a retired wholesale cloth merchant; Mrs. Hinchman was a particularly sweet motherly woman with a talent for

painting flowers which interested me immensely. She was a deeply religious woman in a conventional way, and loved to speak to me about the Bible and the church life in Brooklyn, the city of churches. There were two daughters, and three sons. Fred the youngest, was quite a baby still, a dear little fellow whom we all loved. Ralph was older than myself and I did not see as much of him as of John who was about my own age and my particular friend. John had already chosen his profession,—he was going to be an architect, so he attended the Art Institute in Stuttgart. He already had quite a talent for drawing; I remember leaning by the hour over a table watching him draw one object after another as it came to his mind. He went to Kornthal for a year and also visited Interlaken with me at my special request; although John Hinchman was not as fond of outdoor sports and mountain climbing as I was, he was nevertheless of a joyous, active temperament and told me a great deal about my beloved America, for which I was profoundly grateful. Upon our return to the United States I saw much of him in Brooklyn, where he undertook to show me the ropes in my own country, for we were much in each others' homes.

At No. 59 Reinsburg Strasse, John and Annie fell ill of an ailment which was ascribed to the fact that the house was not yet dry when we moved in. Their condition so greatly alarmed my parents that Mrs. Simpkin was sent for from Switzerland to come and nurse them; for among her virtues was her reliance upon common sense. She immediately took charge of the sick ones, and as soon as they could be moved, bundled them off to Interlaken to be with the aunts, where they naturally enough recovered completely in short order.

The English Pension of Mrs. Simpkin was for me at that time the most attractive place on earth. When away

from it I dreamed myself there, facing the superb snow mountains, roaming through the fields, climbing up the forests to summer pastures. I can remember lying in my bed in the dormitory at Kornthal and longing for those mountains with a desire as deep as though they had been human beings. In Interlaken it was my custom to make myself a whip such as the peasant boys carry in Switzerland and to stand around the cows in the fields beside the swiftly flowing river Aar, pretending that I was herding them, and perfectly happy at this play. My aunts were very fond of taking us on beautiful walks throughout the neighborhood; Aunt Mary especially was an enthusiastic collector of flowers and of ferns.

Mrs. Simpkin was a past master in organizing all manner of excursions into the neighboring mountains. To the great amusement and surprise of the countryside she drove her own horses, and they were always of the best. At a moment's notice she was ready to take us all on a day's expedition and whoever was ready among the guests in the Pension was bundled into the carriage. In this way we were constantly driving off to Lauterbrunnen, to climb up to Mürren and to the Schilthorn; to Grindelwald for the big and little Scheidegg; to Gsteig for the Schienige Platte and the Faulhorn; to Brienz for the Brünig Pass; or to Kandersteg for the Gemmi Pass. We frequently drove to Thun along the road on the southern shore of the lake, the northern road at that time not having been built. The Beatenberg with Amnisbühl and the Gemmenalphorn at the back were also great favorites.

On one occasion father took us on a grand expedition to the top of the Niesen to spend the night in the hut at the top and see the sunrise. On descending we saw the effect of a sea of clouds below us, stretching as far as the eye could see with the peaks of the giants for islands. On another occasion my father took two of

us on a never-to-be-forgotten round trip to the Rhone Glacier, down to Visp, up to St. Nicholas and Zermatt and to the Riffel Alps. Here we spent a night or two. From the Riffel Alps we made a little excursion down, up the Monte Rosa glacier to our intense delight, for it proved to be our first experience of walking upon a glacier, although we had already visited the two at Grindelwald and entered the artificial grotto there.

The next morning at the Riffel Alp my father and Mamie with the guides started for the Gornergrat. I had found a boy in the hotel to play with and decided to remain behind; but, when some hours later the boy was called off by his parents, I found myself suddenly alone in the mountains. A feeling of great desolation seized me and I decided to follow the others to the top. I started post haste and never halted for two hours, until I rejoined them on the summit. On the way I encountered some flocks of mountain sheep which gather around me, thinking, perhaps, that I was a shepherd come to give them a little salt, or to take them down into the valley, but I did not stop to stroke them for ever since my adventure with the ram at Bex, I had the mental picture of being butted, and I was glad to hurry away and leave them behind.

We children were several times allowed to make the trip from Stuttgart to Interlaken without any grown members of the family. There was no way of doing this in one day; we could break the journey either at Dachsen near Shaffhausen or at Zürich, and we tried both places coming and going. I remember our staying in a beautiful terraced hotel in full view of the famous falls of the Rhine and hearing the great rush of waters as I lay in bed falling into a delicious slumber. In Zürich we generally passed the night in a typical small Swiss hotel, the Schweizerhof, on the Limmat quay. Out

of our windows we could see the silent, swift, dark green flood of the river passing just below and opposite the quaint houses of old Zürich rising straight from the water's edge. An occasional primitive dugout, used like a canoe or rowboat, still to be seen in those days propelled across the rapid stream or skirting the houses.

These child journeys through Zurich are fixed in my memory by the delicious Swiss breakfast with honey, creamy fresh butter and crisp rolls. There was always a changing of trains at Bern. Sometimes Mrs. Simpkin or the aunts would meet us there and we would all sit down to a hearty dinner before going on to Thun and Interlaken. Just as in after years I frequently stopped at the little old Schweizerhof in Zürich for childhood memory's sake, so I again and again arranged to eat at that wonderful station restaurant in Bern. I was sure that breaded veal cutlets were nowhere so succulent or the roastbeef of the continent of Europe as good anywhere else. Sometimes Mrs. Simpkin would drive to Thun to meet us there where she had shopping to do, or horses and cattle to inspect or farm implements to buy. Then we would step proudly from the train leaving all the other passengers behind who were merely tourists in Switzerland and did not have a home there, like ourselves, with aunties living there and a carriage to drive us along the lake. But generally we transferred ourselves and baggage at Scherzlingen, the lake port of Thun, to the steamer with its Swiss flag floating at the stern and its musical bell ringing in the bow to warn everybody that it was ready to start on that exquisite, fairy-like journey from shore to shore until it landed us where Mrs. Simpkin and the aunts were sure to be waiting for us with the carriage.

My brother John was sent for a while to the private school maintained by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge at Han-

well, Middlesex, near London. Dr. Coleridge was the nephew of the poet, Samuel Coleridge. Alexander Mackay-Smith, our cousin on my father's side, and later Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, was there at the time, and Lewis Gillett and Eugene Colgate of New York, also Augustus M. Swift, author of "Cupid M.D.," a little novelette which had considerable vogue years ago. The latter became a master at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and taught me English composition. Alexander Mackay-Smith was bright and jovial, with light hair and ruddy complexion. He once passed through Interlaken and stopped off long enough to call on my aunts and join them in an excursion which Mrs. Simpkin organized to the Amnisbuhl. For years after my aunts used to speak with delight of the brilliant young cousin who was the sunshine of the party and kept them all in gales of laughter. It was upon the advice of Alexander Mackay-Smith that my father sent me to St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, on our return to the United States in 1878. There was some question of John going to Oxford after his two years of preparation at Derwent Coleridge's School, but he finally decided that he would go to Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, and then study for the Episcopal ministry in the United States.

I quote from a letter of Mrs. Coleridge to my mother written from the Hanwell Rectory on February 1st, 1877: "My dear Mrs. McCrackan:

"John has laid your kind letter before us, and after considering the subject of it carefully, Mr. Coleridge has decided to accept young Eugene Colgate for a pupil, if his mother feels it well to place him under our care. Lewis Gillett leaves us early in July which makes a vacancy at that time, and we regret to think that your son may leave to go to America in June or July—his

father seeming desirous to have him enter college this year. Mr. Coleridge regrets this, as he thinks another year of preparation would be *most desirable*—to say nothing of our *sorrow* to lose one for whom we entertain so much affection and respect. It would be very nice for your young friend to be here with John—who will I am sure put him into our ways—& his own way, which is a good one. If, therefore, the end of this month would be a suitable time for his coming we shall be ready to receive him. . . .

“John has no doubt described to you the place we live in, our society and the kind of *work* which goes on. . . . Our house is a *home* in no way resembling ordinary tutor’s houses. I mention this as you have never seen how your son is placed. . . .

“We have a sincere regard for John—few young men could give us so much content. He will, I think & trust, become a most valuable Christian man. He was desirous that I should write to you upon this subject, after he knew that the Rector would take your young friend.

“Mr. Coleridge joins me in our kind regards and thanks and I remain, dear Mrs. McCrackan

“Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) “MARY COLERIDGE.”

CHAPTER V

GOING HOME TO AMERICA

After one of my visits to my aunts in Interlaken, I had a remarkable experience which I treasure as one of the most joyous of my life. I cannot recall the exact year, but it must have been in some summer between 1875 and 1878, when I was between the ages of eleven and fourteen. I made this visit to my aunts alone; it might have been on my last visit before we returned to the United States, because they seemed very much impressed, especially my aunt Lottie, with the desire to give me spiritual help on my journey. Before I left them we had knelt down and prayed, our leave taking was particularly touching. The experience to which I refer occurred while I was on the little steamer going to Thun. As I was standing on deck looking about me at the beautiful and well loved scenery, *I suddenly felt a state of absolute perfection, I felt that I was perfect and all nature was perfect.* The impression was one of surpassing bliss, joy and finality. I looked around me and the impression did not fade, I felt that all I saw was perfect, the universe was perfect. I can recall watching my fellow passengers joyously. This spiritual experience continued for some time before it was blotted out. Beauty was a strong quality in my thought; all fear, doubt, inability, beginning and end seemed excluded. How long I remained in this condition I do not know, for it faded away after a while, yet I can recall that a great peace abode with me for days as an after taste of heaven. This experience eventually passed out of my thought until many years after the recollection of this spiritual vision returned when I lectured on "The Explanation of the Ideal Man." At that time I recalled

my boyhood days when I received this holy vision of man's real perfection.

At length in the summer of 1878 the great day of the family's return to the United States drew near. My aunts decided to remain in Europe, for they felt that most of their friends at home had passed away during their long residence abroad; moreover they had become accustomed to European living, and they were able to continue their numerous charities on both sides of the ocean without difficulty. So they stayed abroad while remaining as unmistakably American as the moment they landed in Europe, and wearing the fashions which they had brought with them from the United States. This they continued to do to the end of their earthly days.

For several weeks there had been great preparation going on among us in Stuttgart for the transatlantic trip which was to mean the home going of the family. Great packing cases stood in all the rooms at 59 Reinsburg Strasse, marked "S.S. Oder, Bremen Line." We took with us practically all our furniture and paintings as well as personal effects. My mother's harp stood boxed and ready to be shipped. My father had for some years made quite a collection of fine paintings which were as dear to us children as personal friends:—there was a snow and skating scene from Holland, a Dutch lady receiving guests at a tea party, mountain views from Tyrol, a Venetian scene, a moonlight view of Heligoland, and bits of peasant life from Swabia. These all disappeared into their cases, and the walls of the apartment stood bare and forbidding. John had gone on ahead, as he was to enter Trinity College that fall and was preparing for his examinations in Hartford, Connecticut. Therefore the family party as it entered upon its migration homeward consisted of my father

and mother, my two sisters and myself. We were to take the midnight train for Paris and spent our last hours at the home of the Schmids, saying goodbye to friends, and exchanging little parting gifts as souvenirs.

In Paris the exhibition of 1878 was going on, given as a sign to the whole world of the marvelous reconstruction of France after the Franco-Prussian war. We stayed at a Pension on the rue Boissy d'Anglas, and every day visited the exhibition or made sight seeing trips in Paris itself and its environs. In the exhibition I lingered longest around the American section taking a vivid interest in it as representing my home country. There was a small detachment of marines on duty there and I felt proud to say a few words to one of them as he stood on guard, although from his accent I suspected that he was not much of an American, but perhaps a Swede or a German by birth. Even the long rows of American canned goods in monotonous array called forth my admiration as having come from my home land. We visited the hand and head of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, which later appeared in New York Harbor, climbing up into the head.

My father took us one day to the cemetery of Père la Chaise and showed us the burying place there of his uncle, John McCrackan, who like the rest of us was a great traveler and died in Paris on June 12, 1833. Another day we drove out to Versailles to see the gardens and fountains. I recall the cathedral of Notre Dame, the Palais des Invalides and the Seine bridges. The palace of the Tuilleries was still partly in ruins, the devastated wing standing open to the sky, but otherwise Paris was swept and garnished, and had resumed her place among the great capitals of the world.

From Paris we crossed the British channel to spend a few days in London, for we were to join our ship, the

Oder, at Southampton. We had a miserable tragi-comic crossing from Dieppe in France to New Haven in England,—it was at night. People lay about the deck in all sorts of attitudes of sea sickness and helplessness. This terrible night was not a favorable introduction to England, but once in London we were taken to see the usual sights in and out of the great metropolis, but the one which made the most impression upon us was an American minstrel show. Everything about it was to us excruciatingly funny or else deeply pathetic. When the banjoist in chief raised his foot clad in an enormous shoe and turned it from side to side admiringly, we children on the front seat could barely contain ourselves with joy. When this same wonderful artist took off his ragged hat which had no crown, we held our sides, and when he finally sang a song of which every verse ended with the remark—"that's all," we nearly rolled off our seats and vigorously applauded for more. A song about a "green grave" sung by the whole minstrel show in chorus, while a pathetic tenor took the verses, sobered us terribly reducing us to the verge of tears. This American minstrel show was the climax of our London visit. The majestic mounted horse guards, the fashions in Hyde Park and the riding in Rotten Row aroused but a feeble interest in me compared with this genuine American product. We stayed at a private hotel in Cork Street where everything was so profoundly quiet and exclusive that a pall fell upon us.

A pleasant evening was spent at Maskelyne and Cook's Hall where elaborate conjurers' tricks were performed; an automaton played a winning game of chess with a chosen expert and absolutely unbelievable guesses were made by people with their eyes blindfolded. Still my thought went back to the American Minstrel Show. Later on board ship we went over every part of it which

we could remember, the expression, "that's all" remaining a family by-word long after.

I was fourteen years of age at this time, and had little comprehension of the sacred tie which binds America to England or I might have taken advantage of this, my first visit to London, to become better acquainted with English life and character. As a matter of fact, London left me rather cold, it appeared distant, and I did not feel at home in it. One very peculiar impression must be registered. In England I heard English spoken for the first time by the poor, the shabby and the unfortunate. Heretofore all such people in my travels on the continent had spoken a foreign language of one kind or another, but here on the streets of London were people speaking English who were evidently not of the leisure class and some were even in rags. This was a great surprise to me. I was not prepared for it, but it was a necessary introduction to what I was to see later in the United States, where I found that rich and poor alike spoke English.

The Oder was a good ship for those days, but its three thousand tons seem ridiculously small today. The voyage was both slow and rough, about a fortnight being taken to New York. I had my first actual view of the sea on this occasion, for the crossing from Dieppe to New Haven had been at night. My feelings were mixed. As I overcame the first impressions of confusion and sea sickness, I learned to enjoy the life on deck. The small ship tossed about and the spray flew over her bows, but we all regained our appetites and entered into the frolics of the ship. Annie who had made two transatlantic trips before, and was now on her third, regained her feet sooner than the rest of us children. My mother was much in her cabin, but my father who had sailed around Cape Horn in 1849 and had since made many ocean voyages, was perfectly at home on board ship.

The day of our landing in New York finally dawned. I peered eagerly over the ship's side for the first sight of my beloved home-land. The distant fringes of Long Island merged into a nearer view of Sandy Hook, the Atlantic Highlands and the Jersey shore. Then came Staten Island on one side, Coney Island on the other. We entered the Narrows, the inner harbor lay before us and there at the end, the City of New York. The spire of Trinity church was the most conspicuous object in those days, since there were no sky-scrapers as yet, nor any Statue of Liberty in the harbor, as the unjointed parts were still in Paris where we had seen them at the exhibition. A warm summer haze lay over land and sea. I was to have my first experience of a hot American summer.

We landed amid the swelter and confusion of the unswept streets of New York in 1878, before the days of the White Wings. I have only a dim, confused recollection of the custom-house, the hack drivers storming upon us, the presence of negroes, the look of pallid refinement on people's faces, and the sinking at the heart when I contrasted all this with the passionate dream of adoration with which I had looked forward to this come coming.

This first impression was, however, soon corrected by the joy of meeting real live fellow Americans on their native soil and entering into the strange new life of summer by the salt water. My father had made arrangements for us to stay at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, at the spacious home of some friends whom we had known in Europe, Mrs. Courtland Parker and her daughters, until we could move into a house which was being prepared for us in Brooklyn. The old house of the Parkers in Perth Amboy was called popularly "The Castle." John joined us here and from him I received my first lessons in sailing a boat.

The Perth Amboy of those days had no manufacturing water front. Sail boats and canal boats were anchored or drawn up on the beach to be calked and repaired. There was much fishing in Raritan Bay and crabbing in the nearby creeks. With the daughters of Mrs. Parker and their friends we were constantly off that first summer on bathing and sailing parties or moonlight expeditions, and so were quickly and thoroughly introduced into the free life of young people in America. My suddenly acquired love for the seashore temporarily pushed into the background my former yearning for the mountains. But I did not forget the Alps, only I allowed them to fade into a happy past. As a matter of fact I did not return to Europe until I had graduated from College.

In September, 1878, I entered St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and an entirely new chapter in my life began. Everything seemed strange and new. I arrived at school by an evening train from New York, and was guided to Doctor Henry A. Coit's study by one of the older boys. I found myself facing a tall, slim elderly man, who wore a beard and had the upper lip shaved as was still customary for men of his age in the United States. His manner impressed me as very mild and suave. I could hardly believe that this gentle pliable appearing man was the principal of a large school. With much sweetness of manner he turned me over to a big boy with instructions to take me to the Miller's Cottage where my dormitory home was to be. Coming up on the train with a number of the boys I had already seen a great difference between them and the school boys I had known abroad. They indulged in considerable good natured horse play and teasing without arousing resentment or actually fighting among themselves. It seemed to me then that this good nature was a sign of weakness,

just as Dr. Coit's peculiarly suave manner made a strange impression upon me. I was yet to find out the power which so mild an exterior could conceal.

St. Paul's school was founded upon the ideal of an English public school like Rugby, so that athletics were an important part of our life. The special school game in those days was cricket; football was just coming into vogue in 1878. The whole school would turn out and kick a black rubber ball between the goals until the ball somehow went over the horizontal bar between the goal posts. Later a committee of boys among whom William D. Chandler, son of Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, was the prime mover, sent to England for a real pig-skin ball and procured the Rugby rules which were adapted to what was considered our special school conditions. At first there were fifteen on a side; canvas jackets were worn which were so slippery that we wondered how any runner could ever get stopped, especially as tackling below the waist was strictly forbidden in those days.

I entered heartily into the school sports; in cricket I did not score well enough to make my mark, but I could defend my wicket fairly well and did some acceptable bowling. I managed to get on the second eleven of the Old Hundred Club, but never reached the first. In football I did better, my playing with the English boys at Kornthal had given me a start and some knowledge of the game which was so new in America. When tennis was introduced into the school, I was one of the first to take it up. Several of us formed a club and wore little round caps striped in yellow and black. The first rackets we procured were very peculiar; they were not straight like the present ones, but curved and much more like small lacrosse sticks, presenting the appearance of lopsidedness. A great deal was made of the cut and

very little of speed in playing. I was very fond of skating, of playing hockey and coasting, of which we had a great deal during the long New Hampshire winters.

In my first year our athletic instructor, Mr. Lester C. Dole, taught me Indian club swinging in the gymnasium and I won the first prize at the December gymnasium meeting of my first year. This prize consisted of a pair of Indian clubs made of inlaid woods provided with a little silver plate on which later was engraved my name with the date of the gymnasium meeting. When amid the generous applause of the whole school I strode forward to receive my prize that night, my excitement reached the point of bursting. Indeed the whole incident seemed too good to be true, no prize in future years gave me more genuine glee.

During my school days I was a good deal in the gymnasium on winter afternoons, enjoying the parallel and horizontal bars, the swinging rings, vaulting, etc. In track athletics I did a little jumping and running without distinguishing myself particularly. I took some lessons in boxing from Mr. Dole and was taught the rudiments of fencing by a boy named Naylor who had lived in Geneva, Switzerland, and there had been taught by French masters.

My principal interest in sports developed when I took to rowing. I belonged to the Shattuck Rowing Club, whose club color was blue; the Halcyon Rowing Club, the rival club, had red for its color. The whole school was divided between these two clubs, just as it was divided between the two cricket clubs of the Old Hundred to which I belonged and the Isthmian. In those days each rowing club put three crews into the water besides some single skulls. Only four-oared crews were permitted; the first crews rowed in shells without cockswains, the second and third crews in light working boats with cockswains.

Mr. Dole trained us during the winter in the gymnasium where regular rowing machines were installed and then took us out on the water of Long Pond. At the right time the crews went to the training tables; oatmeal water only was permitted as a beverage at the pond, and as this is not very palatable to the average boy, our drinking fluid was kept down by this.

I rowed during three of the four years of my stay at St. Paul's school as a boy. During my second year I rowed bow in the second crew boat of the Shattuck Club and we won a very strongly contested race. Of this race I recall my suppressed excitement before the start; the powerful sweep of the first mile; the successful turning of the buoy; the tremendous grind of the second mile; the waist without breath, the arm without feeling; and then the unbelievable good news that we had won.

This surprise was almost as great as the one which followed my winning of the prize Indian clubs. The next two years I rowed on first crew Shattuck, but we were defeated both times. The last of these two years I very reluctantly took my seat in the boat, as I felt I could not really give the time to the necessary training and practice on account of my studies. To show how strong these boyish recollections are let me relate that in the winter of 1917, while near the Back Bay station in Boston, I passed a man talking to a youth by his side and as the man's voice reached me I turned back and exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Dole!" The reply was instantaneous, "Billy Mac, is that you, why you haven't changed one bit!" I had some pleasant moments while he was waiting for a train, talking over old times and recalling Harry A. Garfield, Franklin Remington, John Jacob Astor and others of my day. Mr. Dole carried his years very well and told me of his continued athletic activities. He served for forty years as the athletic guide and mentor

of several generations of St. Paul's boys, much beloved as one who always maintained the highest traditions of good sport and fair play. In December, 1918, he passed away greatly regretted.

In due time I wrote for the school newspaper, the *Horae Scholasticae*, and eventually became one of the editors.

The first article I ever had the felicity of seeing in print was the one already referred to and was entitled "When the Band plays in Stuttgart;" then came "A German Gymnasium." At this time also I ventured to make some slight translations from Schiller's play of William Tell and wrote some original verses. The poet Longfellow having died while I was at St. Paul's School, I ventured to write a sonnet in his honor for the *Horae Scholasticae*, which I insert here, as it appeared in the issue of April 10, 1882.

LONGFELLOW

O bard, whose homely strains forever kind,
Whose muse so sweet, inspired from above,
We all have learned to know and love,—
For thou dost touch the heart more than the mind.
Farewell! A sorrowing nation thou hast left
To weep, and deeply mourn of thee bereft.
In heaven now shall I sound thy genial lay,
For thou hast softly, calmly, passed away.
But what if we have thee thyself no more?

Thy works, thy thoughts,—oh! it can never be
That they shall die. Nay, but from shore to shore
Reechoing, they shall sound o'er land and sea;
Forever fresh, they'll live forever more.

As far as scholarship was concerned my Latin preparation in Germany was so thorough that it continued

with me throughout my school days at St. Paul's. When I was given the opening passage of Caesar's Commentaries to read as a test to show into what form I fitted, I read the sentences right off in English without hesitation, although I had never seen them before. This was perhaps all the more remarkable because I had never to my knowledge ever translated Latin directly into English, therefore at this little preliminary examination I found that I was obliged to translate from the Latin into German first of all, before I could give it in English. This round-about process did not last long as I gained further practice in the school room, but in the case of arithmetic (never my strong point) it was some time before I could do my sums straightaway.

My first composition gave me a much needed lesson. The teacher, Mr. Augustus M. Swift, had selected certain compositions to be read in class and from them he instructed us as to the rudimentary needs of good composition. Mine dealt characteristically with the Swiss glaciers. I had put my heart into this composition, but when it was read in class I was appalled at the interminable sentences in which my thought was expressed. The teacher had selected it as a terrible example of an involved style to be read, as a warning to the whole class. My training of putting the verb at the end of the sentence had produced this result, but I took my lesson and, bitter as it was, profited by the experience.

Many pages might be written about St. Paul's School as an influence in American life, but I have no such purpose in these Recollections. In later years I published an illustrated article on the school in the New England Magazine for June, 1897, in which I attempted to do justice to my subject and express my gratitude for the happy days spent there.

I was also elected a member of the School Missionary

Society which held its meetings in the Library of the School Building. At these meetings reports of our activities in forwarding missionary work were read as well as articles from periodicals which bore upon that subject. On one occasion when I was delegated to read one of these articles I confused the word "diary" with "dairy" and created amusement among the boy members who were only too glad for anything to relieve the solemnity of these occasions.

Of the religious life at St. Paul's School I can only say that Dr. Coit's ideal was that of the High Church of the Episcopal denomination and this was carried out as strictly as school conditions would allow. I was confirmed by Bishop Niles of New Hampshire in accordance with the rite of that church, just as years before I had been baptized by my cousin, Rev. Cornelius B. Smith. Like all growing boys who seriously face the teaching of the churches in which they are educated, I had my religious struggles, doubts, rebellions and recoveries; but steadily, as I grew towards my college days, I found less and less solace in the teaching and practice of the religion to which all the members of my family belonged, of which my brother John was to become a minister and to which all about me in this much loved school adhered. Already at this time the first faint beginnings of a protest against scholastic theology and especially against ritualism were taking root in my thought.

This inner protest made it impossible for me to fulfill the particular hopes which Dr. Coit felt for my future as I prepared to leave school. I had become mentally rebellious. He called me into his study one day towards the last and spoke of his disappointment. The school reports sent to my father were no longer as good as they had been and in some particulars were highly unsatisfactory. I stood dumb before my critic, for I could not explain.

I only knew that there was a chasm of some sort between the Doctor's point of view and mine.

It is significant that shortly after I left school (in June, 1882) Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy became a neighbor of Dr. Coit at Pleasant View, Concord, New Hampshire. The two who represented opposites in religious experience, dwelt close together until one winter's day, some years after, the alumni of St. Paul's School were suddenly notified of Dr. Coit's death. I was glad to be a subscriber to the monument which was erected to Dr. Coit in the large school chapel. Together with my brother-in-law, Lawson Purdy, I also contributed to place one of the choir stalls in the school chapel, his name and mine being engraved together upon a brass plate on this choir stall.

This reference to Lawson Purdy leads me to speak of my special school friends and chums. Purdy was in the form just above me and a trifle older and so I was not thrown with him as intimately in our studies as I was in our sports. We were both members of the Shattuck Rowing Club and saw a great deal of each other at Long Pond, where he also rowed in a winning crew, namely the third crew Shattuck. Purdy was always trying some difficult feat in climbing and balancing. For example, there was a wooden railing along the bridge over the sluice-way by the Miller's Cottage and Purdy used to delight in walking along this narrow railing where a false step would have plunged him into the water or upon the hard boards of the sluice-way. At Long Pond he used to delight to throw into the water the bright tin basins we used for washing after our hard practice rows and then dive for them. I did not participate in the feat, as at that time I had not yet learned to keep my eyes open under water. He was a boy who talked

little, but like my brother John, was always doing something or preparing some exploit.

Later, when we were at Trinity College together I can recall seeing him climbing up and down those awe inspiring college buildings, up to the roof and down again by the cornices, window-frames and rain pipes. Purdy's example later in life exerted a serious influence upon me in interesting me in Henry George's book "Progress and Poverty," and in the Single Tax theory to which that book gave rise. Purdy's marriage to my younger sister brought him close to me and we shared radical views on social, political and economic questions.

My first great friendship among the boys of my own form at St. Paul's School was with Harry Augustus Garfield, eldest son of President James A. Garfield. Both Harry and Jim Garfield were in the same form with myself, but my friendship was particularly with Harry. In the fall term of 1880, before the great day of the Presidential election, Harry and I used to talk over the possibility of his father's election to the Presidential office; but, like boys we were not very much impressed with distant events. Shortly after the announcement of Garfield's election Harry and I took a walk together, as we frequently did, and I remember as we passed through a pasture not far from the school, where stood some great chestnut trees, that he said: "It feels funny to think that my father is President of the United States." This is all that I can remember his saying on the subject.

On one of our winter walks together we were caught in a severe snow storm and turned into a farm house for shelter. Here the good people set before us for our refreshment milk and such a collection of different kinds of pies as I had never seen in my life before, outside of a bakery.

I missed Harry Garfield very much when he and

Jim left for the White House. At the time of the good President's assassination a number of us St. Paul's boys were taking our preliminary examinations at Harvard. We stayed at the Revere House, one of Boston's best hotels in those days. As I was passing through the hotel lobby on July 2nd, 1881, a telegraph operator told me that the news of the President's assassination had just come to him over the wire. At the time of President Garfield's death, I was deputed to write to Harry and Jim, in the name of our school class and received a reply signed by them both which I treasure as a sign of those stirring times and herewith append.

"Mentor, Ohio,
Oct. 1st, 1881.

"My dear McCrackan:

"The copy of our Form resolutions is received. Through you we wish to express the gratitude we feel for this kindness and appreciation of our very great loss.

"Very truly yours,

(Signed) "HARRY A. GARFIELD

"JAMES R. GARFIELD."

Harry returned to St. Paul's School as a master, as I did later, for a year, but our returns were at different times, so that we did not meet again there. His distinguished career as college President has been well earned through his native qualities of righteous power and endurance. We had our photographs taken together by Kimball of Concord, New Hampshire, the school photographer, in the usual way, he sitting and I standing.

A short friendship with a boy named Shober of Philadelphia was established in a thoroughly boyish fashion. Shober was an excellent bowler in cricket and a good all-round athlete, but he was a great tease. We had been out together one day skating and playing hockey on the school pond and he had been particularly annoying

in his teasing when, as we reached the Middle School building on our return, where we were to stow away our skates and hockey sticks in the lockers in the basement, Shober twisted my arm again in the exasperating way that boys have of testing each other out. This time was one too many for me; dropping my skates I seized him, wrestled with him and knocked him down. He slid down into the gutter with his nose on the frozen ground and presently began to bleed profusely from the fact that the skin had been badly rubbed off. Horror stricken I led him into the basement, washed him off and from that moment on we became the fastest of friends, remaining so until he left the school to enter West Point, I believe.

One day there appeared at school to enter our form a handsome slim little fellow with well chiseled features who played cricket with a masterly stroke and became at once a general favorite. This was Franklin Remington, younger son of the great gun maker. He had just been to school in England and had brought with him these careful strokes with the cricket bat. We used to like to see this little fellow on the first eleven, stand up before the fierce bowling of the bigger boys and coolly turn off the attacks against his wicket. In our fifth form year Frank Remington and I roomed together at the Upper School, but our chumming together was not for long, because in some way or other our room began to be the center of boyish frolics which disturbed altogether too much the proper quiet of that staid building and so in course of time we were separated, as I shall explain presently.

The only tennis court of the school was just outside our windows, also the big field in which we played football. Between studies we used to kick drop kicks in that field and also put the shot there. Remington grew rapidly, soon out-stripping me in height to my great cha-

grin. He kept some traps down the stream which we used to visit between study hours at noon or just before supper. As the time was short and the distance relatively great, we had to fall into a dog-trot to reach the traps and return in time. He caught many musk-rats and was threatened with many a skunk, but this last affliction we escaped. I remember seeing a mink and smelling skunks along the stream.

We also had some sails made to use in skating, which were difficult to handle successfully, as every one knows who has tried the experiment. There was, however, one grand occasion when on a bitterly cold and windy winter's day we sailed wildly about Big Turkey Pond, feeling that we had discovered a new and wonderful mode of locomotion. We had another skating experience together when I was at Trinity College and Remington at Harvard; he made me a visit in Hartford during the Christmas holidays. The skating was unusually good that winter on the Connecticut River; it was frozen over for many miles so that Remington and I could skate down the river from Hartford to Middletown over all kinds of ice, some rough, some broken, and some perfect new black ice. I paid Remington a visit in the winter holidays of 1884 in New York when his family lived in a large house on 57th Street, nearly opposite where Carnegie Hall now stands.

But, as I said, our rooming together did not last long. Remington was put into a room by himself at the new Middle School, while John Jacob Astor, who was a few years younger than myself, was put into my room in Remington's place. I used to visit Remington in his new room for I missed him woefully and my friendship for him was very deep. In after years we saw little of each other, although while I was First Reader of The Mother Church of Christian Science in Boston, he once came to

see me, and I showed him over the new extension to the original edifice which had just been completed.

When John Jacob Astor arrived at school he was a long, gawky overgrown boy at the unattractive stage when the voice was broken. An elderly tutor, with great gold spectacles, accompanied him for awhile and made him periodical visits. In many ways boys have but scanty compassion and they did not spare the new boy who seemed so ill at ease. When he was placed in the room with me one of his first requests was, that I should not call him Jack Astor, which was quite general among the boys. And this I readily promised, thereafter invariably calling him John. This was a help to him; moreover as his senior I felt more or less obligated to protect him. In return he gave me genuine affection and obedience. Before coming to school he had tutored in German and from this he evolved a sort of German diminutive pet name for me by turning the name Mac. by which I was universally known at school into Mochels.

One day I found he had tacked a cartoon from Puck to our door and immediately demanded that it be removed. To this request he set up an unusual resistance and an unusual argument. I said it was a cheap tawdry thing, and I would not have it hanging on our room. John asserted that it was not cheap, because the colored plate from which it had been made was expensive and probably cost as high as a hundred dollars. I replied that the cost of the plate had nothing to do with it as a picture, it was not a work of art, and I did not intend to have it on the door. John then argued that the cost had everything to do with pictures, for his father had a large collection of them at home for which he had paid big prices, but many of which would bring even greater prices than when he bought them. This sort of reasoning was new to me.

He furthermore had been instructed to be very careful not to allow his signature to lie about, which I could understand more readily in the case of a millionaire, so he invariably tore up all pieces of paper which contained his written name. I once dined at his home in New York, meeting his mother and sisters. It was the house which stood on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, where the hotel Waldorf-Astoria now stands. On the opposite corner at that time stood the marble mansion of Stewart, the great drygoods merchant.

John Jacob Astor's great need was for someone to take an affectionate interest in his good qualities. The world was interested in him only as the heir of a great fortune. Whatever he brought out of good in his life was accomplished against great odds and deserves special recognition. During the Spanish-American War he performed honorable service, and through his courageous death at the time of the sinking of the Titanic while his young wife was saved he gave a note-worthy example. The sinking of the Titanic, the largest passenger ship afloat at the time of her destruction, was a premonitory symptom of that great contest for the control of the sea which was already at that time being waged mentally by the German against the British Empire. It was then still disguised as a mental conflict, but in 1914 it assumed a physical aspect as well, and led to the sinking of the Lusitania which was also the largest passenger ship afloat and in service at the time. From this point of view John Jacob Astor has a place in the opening phase of the great world war.

While I was one of the editors of the *Horae Scholasticae*, Astor one day brought me an article he had written entitled "A.D. 2000," which immediately attracted my attention. It had what might be called scientific imagination, picturing conditions of life, as he supposed they

would be in A.D. 2000, when many startling inventions would have become ordinary daily mechanical contrivances. I published the article in the school paper in whose files it can be found if I am not mistaken. I also have a recollection that Dr. Colt questioned me about it and that I assured him that it was Astor's own work and not my own, as some supposed; also that the school at large was much interested in the article and speculated a great deal about it, because Astor had never shown any ability to write. In later years John Jacob Astor expanded this article into a book and published it, sending me a copy while I forwarded him one of my own books on Switzerland. Hidden in this article was the boy's real talent, a sort of a vision of mechanical possibilities based on astronomical science. As it was, the promise of the boy was partly fulfilled in the man, for John Jacob Astor was known for his readiness to make use of the latest appliances. Astor went to Harvard after leaving St. Paul's School, and I never met him again to talk with him, except one day on the train *en route* from New York to some place up the State, when we just had time for a cordial hand clasp greeting.

I stayed at St. Paul's School through the sixth form which corresponds in a general way to the Freshman Class in the smaller colleges. From a school list dated September 1881 I note among the other names in my sixth form Joseph Coit, Jr., son of the Rector, William H. Foster who remained in the school and is now Vice Rector, Augustus P. Gardner who eventually became Congressman from Massachusetts and performed glorious service with his father-in-law, Senator Lodge, and our great American Theodore Roosevelt, in awakening the dormant American people out of neutrality, to prepare for their inevitable entry into the great world war. Gardner was a chubby, red-haired boy, full of enthusiasm and

power. I thank him from the bottom of my heart for his self sacrifice in helping to save America from failure to do its duty at the crucial hour. Remington is also on this list and Howard A. Taylor, the smallest and possibly the smartest of our form, for he quickly forged ahead in Harvard and in the practice of the law. Incidentally, he played a great game of tennis with his left hand in the intercollegiate matches.

Many other names on the school list in the fall of 1881 have their places in the life of the United States. It is difficult to make a just selection from among them, but I venture the following names at random: Crowinshield, Parish, Whitehead, Dyer, Perkins, Tibbits, Dabney, Hurd, McKean, Oñativia, Bayard, Brathwaite, Sanford, Satterlee, Scudder, Stevens, Treadwell, Goodwin, Hunnewell, J. P. Morgan, Jr., Wilmerding, Elton, Anderson, Bonsal, Brune, Dana, Gordon, Sands, Zerega, Riggs, Saltus (a distant cousin of mine), Naylor, Furness, Bohlen, Rhineland, and the two Stevens boys from Hoboken, New Jersey, popularly known as "Big and Little Stick."

To the St. Paul's School of my day Owen Wister, perhaps best known as the author of "The Virginian," used to make frequent visits, for he accompanied the Vice-Rector, Dr. Joseph Coit, the rector's brother, on western hunting trips, where doubtless he acquired the literary material which has given joy to so many. His maiden literary effort like mine was in the *Horae Scholasticae*.

It would not be fair to my standing in scholarship at St. Paul's School to imply that my time was wholly given to games or to reading and writing outside the class, for I have among my papers a report sent to my father for the month ending December 18th, 1880, in which I figure as being second in a class of thirty-five

and on which appears in Dr. Henry A. Coit's unmistakable hand, the words, "A thoroughly satisfactory report in all respects. My love to William and best wishes for his New Year. H. A. C."

CHAPTER VI

COLLEGE DAYS

After leaving St. Paul's School in June, 1882, I passed my preliminary examinations in Harvard, unfortunately with one condition, namely in arithmetic, though I had no doubt of making this up, especially as I was given credit on Prescribed Classics and Prescribed and Elective Latin. At Harvard I would have found myself with Remington and other boy friends of St. Paul's School, but that summer my brother John talked the matter over with my parents and they counselled that I should go to Trinity College instead, following John who had just graduated in the class of 1882. This was a great disappointment to me. All through my college course there were times when I did not feel quite reconciled to the change imposed upon me and the separation from so many of my special school friends, although Purdy was already at Trinity in the class above me.

In looking back upon the counsel given me at this time I now feel it was in part due to the family tradition in church matters, but also to the desire that we should all live together in Hartford, Connecticut, where Trinity College was situated. To add to my discomfiture Trinity College during the years of my attendance was at perhaps the lowest ebb in its fortunes. The classes grew very small and one misfortune after another seemed to delay the recovery of the college, which took place after my time there, under the inspiring efforts of President Luther. My religious questionings also troubled me greatly; they finally brought me to the point at which I decided not to take the communion any longer according to the rites of the Episcopal church. This pained my brother and dear ones, but I could not do otherwise as my sense of spiritual honesty would not permit me to

go through a ceremony which I could not accept.

It was then that I had a religious experience which was in some respects a fit successor to that other experience on the Lake of Thun, when the perception of man's real perfection came to my consciousness. On this occasion the comforting assurance came to me, *God will not punish you for not doing what you do not understand*. The load was lifted, the self condemnation was gone and I felt comforted and assured.

In the winter of 1884 my father met with an accident in New York which after a short illness led to his death on January 10th. He was walking down the slight incline close to the Park Avenue Hotel between 33rd and 34th Streets when he slipped on the ice and fell, fracturing his thigh bone. A passing boy with a sled brought him to the hotel door. At first his illness was not considered dangerous; when I visited him he talked interestingly to me of his love for Shakespeare and even recited parts of the plays. I smoked his cigars and took back with me a well browned meercaum cigar-holder which he gave me. When I returned to take my place once more in college I had no thought that his illness would prove fatal, but one morning early John wired me that the end had come and I immediately joined him in New York.

The interment was in the McCrackan burying plot in New Haven where his father and grandfather had been buried before him. I remember the comfort which Edward B. L. Carter of Stamford, Connecticut, my sister Annie's husband, was to us all during those sad days. Edward Carter later became trustee for my mother's property which had been put in trust for her by her father, Henry J. Sanford of New York.

My father had the polished manners of a man of the world of the period of which I write. As a rule I stood in awe of him, but there were many times when a

great love for my father would surge over me. I recollect especially the day when he took me to New Haven and showed me some of the familiar sights and sites of his native city. We dined at the ancient Tontine Hotel facing the green where the old fashioned darky waiters were still in order at that time; they marched into the dining-room with a captain at their head, balancing their trays artfully and permitting themselves just a little shuffle to express their good humor without transcending good manners. We walked on Chapel and Orange Streets, my father pointing out where grandfather had his place of business and where the old McCrackan home stood.

As a boy I had little interest in these matters and cannot now recall the sites my father pointed out sufficiently to identify them. I remember with much greater clearness that he told me that he and other boys used to skate on the salt meadows just outside of New Haven. He attended Cheshire Academy for a while and studied law, probably at Yale College, but he went out to California when he was only twenty-three, which made him a man of the big world very young and early took him far from his home. On this visit he pointed out the Episcopal church on the green where his father and his grandfather had held the position of treasurer for fifty-six years consecutively. We ended our visit to New Haven by an inspection of the family monument in the cemetery, on which are the names of the McCrackans since the first one came over to America from Glenluce in Scotland before the American revolution.

Until my father's estate could be settled I experienced for the first time in my life a shortage of funds. My mother could not at once fill the lack of the ample allowance which my father had always given me. The sad event of losing my father turned my thoughts once more

strongly to religion; I prayed and pondered and wished to give my life to the service of others. By a strange reversal the traditional family influence re-exerted itself and in a moment of what I accepted as complete self surrender, I decided to study for the ministry. I was tired of debating and resisting and felt that I would find peace in final obedience and renunciation to the mystical unknown of ecclesiastical belief. It was decided that I was to take Sunday services in some small place and so begin my work. I did so, journeying on Saturday afternoon to a place called Connellsville, Connecticut, where there was no regular clergyman of the Episcopal church, returning Sunday nights to Hartford, and what was most astonishing to me, receiving for my services, the first money I had ever earned.

I entered Trinity College as a Sophomore, my Sixth Form year at St. Paul's School being taken as equivalent to the Freshman year, and at once took possession of my brother's former room, No. 18 Seabury Hall. I joined the same Greek Letter Society, the Beta Beta Chapter of Psi U. Many of the young men in Trinity College at that time, were preparing for the Episcopal ministry, among others my chum Frederick D. Lobdell a pleasant kindly youth with pink cheeks and curly hair. Among other college friends I recall especially Johnnie Carter of Baltimore, who later went to our legation in London, John R. Cunningham of Terre Haute, Indiana, Samuel H. Giesey of Norwich, Connecticut, Sidney T. Miller of Detroit, and Samuel S. Mitchell of Stamford, Connecticut. We played considerable tennis, the intercollegiate matches having been started about this time. In my Junior year I won first place in our class tennis games and Lobdell second place.

I instituted the first gymnasium meeting held at Trinity College, offering a McCrackan cup to the best all-

round performer in these indoor athletics. This cup I kept up for some years after I left college, but eventually allowed it to lapse. I sang tenor in the College Glee Club and in the college chapel choir, but took little part in the society functions of the college life which centered principally in the dances, the regular Germans, to which the young ladies of the city with their chaperons were invited.

For a while I lived with my mother and sisters at 772 Asylum Avenue, in a double house of which the other half was occupied by Doctor Burton, the noted preacher of Hartford, and friend of Mark Twain. The great humorist with Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Dr. Twitchell and Dr. Burton formed a sort of a literary colony in the Hartford of those days.

Dr. Burton's son Dick was in the class of 1883, a sprightly interesting young man just beginning to show the promise which has made him since one of the best known and best liked lecturers and literary lights of the country. Dick and I used to walk to college together from our homes nearly every morning during his senior year.

I saw Mark Twain only once in my college days, as far as I can recall; that was at the house of my mother's cousin, Mrs. Samuel Colt on Wethersfield Avenue. Mrs. Colt, the widow of the gun and pistol manufacturer and her mother, Mrs. Jarvis, lived in a great house with a large park in which were ponds and an enclosure for deer. Close by was the Episcopal church of the Good Shepherd, endowed and largely maintained by Mrs. Colt herself. Mrs. Colt and her sister, Mrs. Hettie Jarvis of Newport, Rhode Island, were great beauties, the former with black hair and lustrous eyes, the latter blond and laughing. When I used to call at the house on Wethersfield Avenue it always seemed to me as though I was being

ushered into a magnificent palace of the old world. Mrs. Colt's stately and affectionate hospitality, and her superb smile made me feel at ease amid all these treasures gathered from all parts of the world by good taste and great wealth. Mrs. Colt's only son, Caldwell Colt, was rarely at home, living almost continually on his yacht, the Gracie. Close to Mrs. Colt on the opposite side of Wethersfield Avenue, lived my other cousins, Mrs. Fitzgerald with her son and three daughters. Other Jarvis relatives lived close by.

In looking back upon my mental condition during a good part of my college days I recognize that it was too serious and introspective. I attribute this largely to the mistaken religious pressure brought to bear upon me. In society I was constrained and retiring. My studies interested me very little, but I kept up my interest in world problems which habit had always been characteristic of my thought, for I must needs know what was going on in all quarters of the globe. Planning, hoping and incurring disappointments with great regularity, I literally suffered with the nations of the world, as I kept track of their misfortunes and apprehensions in the news of the day. As was perhaps natural, my interest in German affairs continued and I seemed to perceive instinctively the brewing of world policies in that Empire before they became apparent in the thought of the day. Thus the title of my address in the college oratorical contest which I won was "Bismarck," and on leaving college my first article printed in the Hartford Post, an evening newspaper, dealt with German projects for expansion of power.

Some of my happiest times in college were connected with fraternity life; the college Glee Club also furnished many happy gatherings and some concert trips to neighboring cities. Dick Burton had a very sweet tenor of

which we were immensely proud in the college, and Breck Trowbridge, now the well known New York architect, used to thrill us when he sang down deeper and ever deeper to some phenomenal bass note. Those were days when there was a great deal of part singing all over the country, the negro minstrel troupes (which were then no longer entirely negro) were legion; there were great numbers of choral and oratorical societies; besides the invariable College Glee Clubs there were many operettas given by amateurs. On the whole there was a great deal of music over the whole country.

As an editor of the Trinity Tablet I continued to exercise my pen as I had begun to do on the *Horae Scholasticae* at St. Paul's School, showing more promise in my writing than in any other branch of work. A few simple gestures, taught me by one of my fellow students, Frank F. Russell, of Woodstock, Connecticut, also helped me greatly in my oratorical efforts, so that I won two prizes, one which was called the Prize Version, this consisted of a translation from the classics which was in the form of an oration to be declaimed; the other was an oratorical contest pure and simple, each contestant choosing his own subject.

Class Day found me class poet. My poem was a sort of a resumé of the history of the College in verse which was well received. For my graduating oration I selected the somewhat pretentious subject of "Organism vs. Aggregation," seeking to show that the result of the union of various elements was something new, not merely an aggregation but an organism. Hiram B. Loomis of Hartford was Valedictorian of the class, graduating with honors in all departments, receiving the title of *Optimus*, Robert Thorne, of Brooklyn, New York, running him a close second. Mrs. Colt who was present wrote to her sister Mrs. Hattie Jarvis of Newport that she was certain

of a promising future for me. More important to me, however, than the kind appreciation of friends were two gifts of my mother to me at this time, a watch and a ring. The watch had the date 1885 engraved on one side and my monogram on the other. This watch I carried regularly for thirty-two years. The ring was a seal-ring containing the head Mercury cut intaglio, having in the right lower corner the serpent staff which Mercury carried. As Mercury stands for the messenger of the gods and was therefore a great traveler, I have always felt that my mother's choice of the ring was particularly suitable and prophetic of my career.

It was towards the end of my college course that my mother wrote a short poem which she inscribed—

To Will—after a Classical Oration.

What I dug up in 1863.

Mamma.

This poem she wrote after hearing me deliver my Prize Version Oration on a classical subject just referred to, which recalled to her a remarkable experience when she was in Rome in 1863, a few months previous to my birth. The following is the entry in her journal which refers to this event: "Drove out into the country through the Porta del Popolo and visited the excavations of the Villa of Livia, the mother of Tiberius and Drusus Germanicus. Her first husband was Tiberius Claudius Nero. Augustus was her second husband. The statue of Augustus, lately excavated, was lying on boards raised in a wooden building. It was simply perfect. The arabesque figures on the armor still showed crimson and blue colorings (now in 1884 it is in the Vatican). The resemblance to the bust of young Augustus is most striking. The subject of the bas-relief on the breast is "Aurora going before the chariot of the Sun." The folds of the tunic are gracefully wrought in the richest drapery! It is one

of the most beautiful (and to my taste *the* most beautiful) statue, I have ever seen. As I stood over it, with my own far-away thoughts, it seemed as if he spoke to me, in the words of wisdom and pathos, warning me wistfully of his own end of greatness, of the subtle disappointments of life with it all. And yet he seemed to say, 'live on, take up your work and fashion it as best you may, there will be some compensation. Never fear,'—and there, in the presence of his departed shades, I was strengthened, I do not know how or why, but I can never forget that scene, I can never forget my own impulse of strength forged out of the sculptured reverie. *Will* who resembles so strongly (in expression) that face, always brings to my mind *that* shadowy converse of mine with the Past."

"I lingered and lingered in this spirit of great memories, but we finally descended a hill to Villa of Livia where the statue was found."

"Went down into a subterranean chamber which was most exquisitely framed to resemble an arbor, full of birds and flowers. The colors were as bright as if painted yesterday, it seemed as if we could pick off the flowers, and write a poem of sweetness and daintiness, just then and there."

My mother's poem inspired by this experience follows :

*To His Royal Highness
My Caesar Augustus (Will)*

What you say is true
Of the family few,
Let me beg anew,
More of the same Cue—

From your classical oration,
Let *me* date an excavation.

Over ancient Rome's unearthed nation
I stood once, in contemplation.

The site of this, my reverie,
Has left its haunting memory.
In the year eighteen sixty three
It happened on a dark Tuesdee.

(26th April, 1863)

The diggings damp had brought to light
On Villa Livia's then buried site,—
Augustus, Rome's Great Caesar and might
Emperor, Warrior and Knight.

(Livia was wife of Augustus Caesar)

Sculptured in past glory's array,
Marbled in carvings, he lay—
Frescoed in blue, red and grey—
Statued,—did these colors still portray.

Gilt tracings on the breast plate,
And Bas-reliefs of regal state,
Historied, grand scenes to mate,
The Savant's certificate.

Methought it seemed to say,
"You think I have had my day.
No, I have come back to stay
I'll no more of the "Appian Way."

(entombed)

"In the Vatican is my home,
To kith and kin of stone, I'll roam
No more in marble rest alone
No more of this, I'll have, no none."

And yet, in grim shadowy thought,
I stood there, in deep lessons taught,
Of Life's Past—Greatness, brought to naught.

Shadowy, fleeting *Power*,
Spiriting away its Hour,

To leave behind its Fame,—
And yet, what is its name?

The stone's appeal
To me so real,
My thoughts did steal
Strong in vision's zeal.

These phantoms of wondrous kind,
Imaged then, the wistful mind,
To hold, and mean the truth to find
E'en taking years to unwind.

To my Caesar of the Present
May Life's Lessons be most pleasant,—
To my hero, Young Augustus
Will Truth be most illustrious.

April 1st, 1884
772 Asylum Ave.

CHAPTER VII

A VISIT TO EUROPE

Shortly after graduating from Trinity College, in the summer of 1885, my mother, my younger sister, her husband, Lawson Purdy, and I made a trip to Europe. We sailed on a Red Star steamer for Antwerp and thence made quite a sight-seeing tour on the continent. My sister Annie and her husband Edward B. L. Carter were settled in Stamford, Connecticut. My mother returned to the United States at the end of the summer to be married to Mr. Melvin B. Copeland, President of the First National Bank of Middletown, Connecticut, a fatherly friend of my brother John, leaving our party of three to continue the trip in Europe. We went to Interlaken where some startling changes had taken place during the seven years of my absence. I found that the English Pension on the road to Unterseen had been vacated and a large chalet taken by Mrs. Simpkin and named Pension St. Beatus, which lay in the corner of Lake Thun where the then new carriage road first debouched upon the lake. The situation was charming. Westward the expanse of the lake stretched from the bottom of the garden and the fields to the great pyramid of the Niesen, some ten miles away at the other end, while on either hand rose the ranges of the Abendberg and the Beatenberg. My dear aunts were overjoyed to see us and Mrs. Simpkin, Nellie and Florrie, now grown to be young women, did everything possible to make our stay delightful.

It was in September of that year that I made my first venture in climbing a snow mountain, the Balmhorn, which rises from the Gemmi Pass. Strolling on the promenade of Interlaken one day, I ran across a Trinity College graduate of my brother's class of 1882, Ernest F. Henderson, who later acquired a well earned reputa-

tion for his scholarly works on German history. I proposed some climbing to him, so we walked up the Shienige Platte the next morning to try ourselves out, lunched at the hotel there, and the same afternoon walked on to the Faulhorn. There we spent the night in the primitive inn, saw a gorgeous sunrise and then walked down to Grindelwald and back to Interlaken. I arrived at Pension St. Beatus in time for lunch well satisfied with our first expedition.

The excursion to the Balmhorn was interesting but not entirely successful in that we did not reach the top. I wrote an account of this for the Trinity Tablet which I find among my papers and venture to insert here as a record of my first snow climb.

INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND,

October 26th, 1885.

DEAR TABLET:

I take the liberty of sending you a few lines because of a very odd circumstance.

It is the accidental meeting, this summer, of two former editors of THE TABLET, here in Switzerland. This is in itself so unusual a thing that I know you will pardon me for making it the excuse for a letter, but when I say that we did a good deal of climbing together and in one case at least enjoyed some real genuine adventures you will feel still less inclined to blame me. The particular ascent I wish to tell you of is that of the "Balmhorn." Baedeker describes the Balmhorn as 12,180 feet, fatiguing but free from danger, guide necessary. This mountain seemed to the ex-editors just the one for them—ice and snow work without danger, but we learned that day that certain conditions of the snow or fog may make the simplest ascent extremely hazardous.

This Balmhorn is a snow cone connected by ridges with the "Altels" the "Rinderhorn," the whole forming

a distinct group situated on the south side of the German Pass. It is from this pass that they are ascended, the other side presenting nothing but perpendicular walls.

The evening of the 4th of September found us comfortably housed at the little inn of the pass. Next morning we set out in spite of unsettled weather. The guide carried a linen rope, a bag of provisions, and of course his ice axe, we were all three provided with high gaiters and goggles with little wire screen sides, the glare of the sun on the snow often produces inflammation of the eyes unless the greatest precaution is taken. It was seven o'clock, a bit of blue sky just over our heads seemed to wish us good luck, but the weather was evidently very unsettled. The snow had crept down the mountains almost to the house during the night. The guide expressed himself willing to try it at all events, and so we set out.

Our way lay for more than an hour over loose moraine and then we came to the glacier proper. Here we stopped to rope ourselves together and to adjust the goggles. We were bound some twenty feet apart and had instructions to keep the rope taut. The first impression of walking on ice the depth of which may be hundreds, even thousands of feet, is a peculiar one, and becomes doubly so when the glacier is covered by a deceptive layer of fresh snow. Our progress now became rather slower for the guide was obliged to probe continually for crevasses while we followed carefully in his footsteps. It was here that the guide had a very nasty escape. In probing about he must have stepped too near the edge of a crevasse, for we saw him suddenly sink a little and then draw back quickly. On approaching we found a large hole. The bottom of which of course we could not see, the sides of that indescribable colouring of shading from green to blue, which crevasses always exhibit. The guide had had one of his legs on the good snow and had thus

been able to save himself. By a long detour we managed to cross and were soon toiling again through the deep snow. The walking became every minute more difficult, and the crevasses more dangerous. Some we crossed by jumping, others on bridges of snow, at one it was a toss up whether the snow would hold. The guide managed to scramble across and then dragged us after him while we performed a hop, skip and jump.

We now halted to consider the advisability of going on. It had been snowing for some time, the clouds whirled past us followed by intensely cold winds, while at odd intervals the sun's rays would penetrate the mist for a few minutes and shine with burning heat. It was a sort of combination which can only be experienced in high places. After we had had something to eat and drink we decided to go on. The way was now up a steep slope to the ridge which connected with the top. It was a severe pull, but when we reached the ridge, what a region of shining slopes and bleak crags lay before us!

Through the fog we caught glimpses of the world of green valleys and bright sunshine below, and above us rose the peaks of the Balmhorn, Altels and the Rinderhorn, now standing bright and clear against the sky, now hidden by sudden accumulations of clouds. On one side of the ridge fell precipitously several thousand feet, to a little green valley with a silver stream running through it, on the other side it sloped down to the glacier over which we had just come. We were, therefore, between two dangers, starting an avalanche on the slope or being hurled down the precipices by the breaking of the snow crusts which overhung them.

Between these two dangers the guide steered with the skill which only great familiarity with these regions can give. It was by far the most dangerous part of our trip. We had walked for something like an hour on

this ridge when suddenly a piece of the crusted snow on the precipitous side gave way with a peculiar rustling sound, leaving us on the very edge. A blinding snow storm accompanied by high wind set in, we lost sight of the peak and stopped a few minutes for breath. We must have gone some hundred yards further when the snow once more gave way. Of one accord we stopped and decided to return. The guide insisting that he could not undertake to find the way if it did not clear. It was hard to turn back for we were within a few hundred feet of the top and had reached a height of about 12,000 feet.

The descent was marked by a bad slip of one of the editors which took him a little down the snow slope, but he soon regained his footing.

In two places we came upon large stones which had fallen across our path, and what was very curious, we discovered a bee and later a butterfly, on the snow numbed with cold though not lifeless, as they afterwards evinced. The guide put them in the ribbon of his hat and let them go when we reached warmer regions. We could not account for their presence in those places unless the winds had swept them up from the valleys.

At five in the afternoon we were once more in the little inn, having been absent ten hours and about seven on the snow. A TABLET meeting was immediately held in the dining room, at which it is needless to say dear old Trinity was not forgotten.

Pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable space.

Yours truly,

W. D. McC.

At Interlaken I was also joined by my college classmate, John R. Cunningham of Terre Haute, Indiana, with whom I took a most delightful trip, partly by carriage and partly on foot, over the route now covered

by the Montreux-Oberland railroad. In crossing the Pas du Jaman we had the thrilling experience to which Byron refers, of suddenly seeing the Lake of Geneva spread below us as we reached the top of the Pass. On the ascending Oberland side the tourist finds himself toiling up a narrow rocky valley just on the fringe of the timber line. There is nothing to prepare one for the great change which greets the line of the eyes the moment the last steps are surmounted and the fertile slopes of Montreux, Blonay and dear old Vevey lie below. With what eager interest I walked down that day into the district so familiar to me from my boyhood days! With what tender recollections every street corner was turned, the Maison Kohly and Maison Gunther were revisited! The great square which I remember as fronting the post-office turned out to be a mere widening of the street, the majestic quay where we used to dodge the spray from the waves proved to be a tiny lakeside corridor, a sweet little alley on which hotel terraces faced.

Late in the fall of 1885 our party began the trip into Italy. We had lingered and lingered at Interlaken, unwilling to tear ourselves away from the dear aunts and held by the charm of the place. It was November before we could break away. And when we did, we hired a carriage and drove all day from the Pesion to our hotel in Luzerne over the Brünig Pass. The clouds hung low upon the mountain flanks with the dreary effect of approaching winter, yet it all seemed beautiful. From Luzerne we took the train over the St. Gothard railroad down into Italy,—to make our first visit to the lands south of the Alps.

The first impression of Italy upon a sensitive nature cannot fail to be registered and perhaps to mark an epoch. Coming from the north there is an instant change in color and outline, a classic touch, combined with a shift-

less appearance in men and things and an exasperating uncertainty in prices. Great changes, terrible tests have come to Italy since 1885 and vast improvements have been made in public and private cleanliness, but the picturesque change in crossing the Alps remains. Eagerly did I note every beauty, every idiosyncrasy. For the first time I felt in close touch with the classics I had studied at school and college. Here was the setting for them, under these trellised vines, beside these white walls of careful masonry, amid these bright colors, with these men clad in long cloaks and among these ruined houses.

In Milan we felt we were constantly on some sort of a perilous adventure. Every move we made attracted the attention of some one who hoped to earn a *soldo*. To transfer our trunks from the station to the Pension we had selected for our stay was like transporting forbidden goods through an enemy country. We seemed to step upon an operatic stage on which every action must be preceded either by a long explanatory solo, or by duettes or trios. Many smiled and made a grimace but everybody looked like brigands to our unaccustomed eyes.

At the Pension in Milan I lived in a stone dungeon with enormous folding doors held together by locks and chains which would have sufficed for a State's prison at home. My sister and her husband occupied another stone prison, with a lofty ceiling and forbidding walls. There were no carpets on the floors, only great flag stones, cold and unresponsive. All this was not at all unusual. It was merely the Italian conception of comfort in a land in which houses are built for hot weather not for the cold.

My brother-in-law was decidedly the boldest of the three. He had provided himself with a map of Milan and had procured a short vocabulary from which he had laboriously learned the numbers in Italian up to one hundred, the days of the week and the months of the

year. He was a complete Italian linguist in comparison with my sister and myself who relying in a superior way on our French had neglected to learn a single word of Italian. On the day of our arrival in Milan we ventured into a large store where my brother-in-law undertook to make a small purchase for my sister. We watched him with interest while with elaborate gestures and some of his carefully rehearsed numbers he actually bought the article.

Suddenly, however, there was seen to be some sort of a hitch in the purchase. The sales-lady had said something to him which was not in his repertoire. He came back to us and we held a consultation. "She says something like, '*ecco la*,'" said Lawson, "What do you suppose she wants?" We returned to the sales-lady who was all smiles and was waving her hands in a deprecatory way, while she repeated "*ecco la, ecco la*." It even seemed to us that she might be hinting at a tip for herself. I suggested that perhaps he ought to have bargained for the price, as everybody had told us we must do for everything in Italy. We felt chagrined that we could not come to terms with the girl, but finally were obliged to leave the store shaking our heads sadly, while the sales-lady continued to smile. It was not until next day that we learned from our landlady that all the poor girl had said was "*ecco la*," or "there it is," when she handed the parcel to Lawson. This had the effect of lowering his linguistic pride for a while, so that we two could obtain a breathing spell during which we learned some Italian words on our own account. Afterwards I acquired a smattering of Italian, principally by reading Italian newspapers, being helped by my knowledge of Latin and French.

In 1885 Italy was making strides in her national awakening. Hope was in the air. She had no suspicion

of the new chains which were being forged for her by Germany and was only blissfully conscious of a new, vigorous sense of unity and progress. It was often said by resident Americans and English in those days that Italy was not what it used to be, that the old customs and many of its picturesque dilapidations had vanished, that the rush and bustle of modern life were crushing out the attractive *dolce far niente* of the past. As for myself I was inclined at first to note with great care the contents of all the galleries and museums, but as we traveled further south, the past did not absorb my attention so much, for modern conditions took up more and more of my thought. In Milan I saw for the first time the interesting regiments of sharp shooters, the *Bersaglieri*, sweep through the streets on the trot, the cocks feathers on their slanting hats glistening and waving as they passed. The trumpets had replaced the drums in this corps, if not in the whole of the Italian army; in my memory I can still hear some of those stirring marches played upon the brass instruments. The Alpine troops, the *Alpini*, wore a single straight feather in the military hat.

In Milan the cathedral, the Brera gallery, the last supper by Leonardo da Vinci, were duly visited, but the modern life in the galleria Vittorio Emmanuele was not neglected, with its cafés and dainty stores. Perhaps nothing annoyed me so much in the Italy of those days as the beggars. In 1885 they were still ubiquitous, although great efforts were being made by the secular authorities and the police to cope with them, but begging was so ingrained in popular custom that it was still a public torment for visitors from the foreign lands. The *Forestieri* were considered the natural prey of the unfortunate or the lazy.

While Milan was deeply interesting as the first one of Italy's great cities which I visited, the surrounding

country of the plain of Lombardy was of course very flat with none of that picturesque grouping which makes Florence so attractive. It was at this time that I took great delight in reading Mr. Howell's "Venetian Days." This writer greatly influenced my style when I began to record what I saw in Italy and afterwards in other lands abroad. The charm of his kindliness and of his humor literally conquered me. His books of travel helped me to approach my subjects in the true American spirit and so affected the quality of books which I later wrote on Switzerland, Tyrol and the Italian Lakes. A genial appreciativeness is requisite in writing of other lands, else the task should not be undertaken. I do not mean that I transgressed literary etiquette or copied Mr. Howell's style, but I feel that he opened the door and gave me the key to the understanding of that peculiar American point of view in regard to the old world which keeps the writer above his subject, yet keenly sensitive to the good encountered. I spent wonderful days in Italy, making the usual round from Milan to Florence, Pisa, Siena, Rome and Naples. I liked Florence immediately and gave it a very warm corner in my heart. Its river and the surrounding hills, the superb walks in its environments, Fiesole, the recollections of Dante and Giotto, and the evidences of the little old Republic of medieval times which still lingered about Florence delighted me. I adopted Michael Angelo's statue of David on the terrace above the Arno as a special favorite. The youthfulness, suppleness and strength, the fearlessness of his pose made me love David, although it was not till many years after that my own experiences brought him very close to me spiritually and made his life acquire special significance. The Ponte Vecchio, the Lungarno, the park of the Cascine were all delightful. I read Mrs. Oliphant's books on Italy, Hare's "Walks in Rome" and in other

cities, George Elliott's "Romola," Hawthorne's "The Marble Faun." It was exhilarating to identify streets, churches, cities, districts, monuments, etc., by means of these charming books.

It was in Florence that I heard my first great Italian tenor in opera. His name, I believe, was Marconi, and the opera *La Sonambula*. My enthusiasm knew no bounds. In my love for music I felt myself rising into the upper registers along with the tenor and taking with perfect ease his high C. For years after I talked of Marconi as the one tenor who ought to be heard in America. It was not until Jean De Reszke's supreme artistry displaced all competitors for me, as I used to hear him in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, that Marconi faded into second place in my musical memory.

The first sight of Rome was disappointing. After the compact picturesqueness of Florence, Rome seemed to straggle over its low hills, unkempt and in disarray. Its innumerable points of interest were scattered over a great area and not as effectively grouped as those of Florence, but as the days passed the tremendous significance of the place began to dawn upon me and draw upon my imagination; the whole drama of the militant world empire for which it stood unfolded before me. Recent studies in school and college had made me very familiar with the main lines of Roman history, added to which was my natural taste. The Forum, the Coliseum, the baths, the temples, the Via Appia, the tombs, the old tufa walls and the travertine arches were the visible remains of what had come to me through book learning.

The Rome of the ancient kingdom, of the republic and the empire drew me with strong cords of affection; Cicero, Tacitus, Julius Caesar and others seemed to become live personages amid the actual surroundings of ancient Rome.

In my thought the glories of the empire seemed to incorporate themselves in Augustus Caesar whose boyish bust I admired in the Vatican gallery and whose full armored martial statue my mother had seen recumbent in its trench, when it was first discovered, excavated and on exhibition in the garden of Villa Livia in 1863. It was this Augustus Caesar who was reigning when Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem to be taxed when Jesus was born. (Luke 2, 1-7.) My mind often went back on that first visit in Rome to the stories told by my father and mother and my aunts of their visit at that early time, just before my birth, when visitors would roam about the Roman ruins picking up exquisite marbles from the palaces of the Caesars, the Forum and other ruined districts as souvenirs. I remember certain boxes full of labeled pieces of marble and certain variegated marble tables made up of many pieces which dated from that time and were associated with my earliest recollections in Switzerland. It was not until later years when glancing at the journal of my grandfather, William McCrackan of New Haven, Connecticut, who made his trip to Europe in 1828, that I realized that I was the third generation of McCrackans to visit Rome from 1828 to 1863 and 1885.

For ecclesiastical Rome, with its multitude of churches, its many colored and robed processions of pupils, its shrines and chapels, I had an instinctive aversion, which even the many art treasures could not efface. St. Peters was impressive for size, but its interior struck me as gaudy. I gladly escaped from these oppressive incense-laden interiors into the bright sunshine and the limpid atmosphere of Rome's out-of-doors. The Pincio was my delight, its evergreen ilexes (our own American live oaks) spoke of perpetual youth.

It was very much the fashion among the tourists and the artists whose studios we frequented to decry modern

Italy, to complain of its iconoclasm, the tearing down of old structures and the building of the great barrack-like dwellings which were needed to house the growing population of Rome and the multitudes who flocked to it from all parts, as the capital of Italy. I did not share in this carping criticism, for I entered joyfully into the awakening of this young-old nation and the triumphs of White Rome over Black Rome. On subsequent visits I learned more of the underground conflict between these factions.

We used to see very frequently King Umberto driving, sometimes alone and sometimes with the gracious Queen Margherita and the little prince, now King Emanuel II. The King often took the reins himself, accompanied only by a chamberlain.

In 1885 at one of the shops on the Piazza di Spagna I bought my first picture, a little water-color sketch which I have kept to this day, two figures, which might pass for Romeo and Juliet, walking in an Italian garden. There are some white steps and dark ilexes and a certain pensive quality broods over the whole structure, which endears it to me.

From that first journey in Italy dates a visit to Orvieto perched on its hill in mediaeval isolation. The train left us down in the plain below one brilliant moonlight night and we drove up the winding road in a carriage, after having struck a bargain with a driver, who looked as though he needed to be watched. The road brought us suddenly to enormous city gates securely closed as though they might have been barred against an army of ancient spearmen and chariots. The driver jumped from his seat and knocked fiercely on the great oaken doors. There was a waving of lanterns, a whispered conversation, then a vast key such as are generally preserved in museums as curiosities turned a great lock. The oaken doors swung slowly and majestically on their hinges and the full moon cast its rays into Orvieto, revealing narrow cobbled streets

leading into a maze of ancient houses. With a tremendous clattering and crackling of the whip we thundered into the sleeping town, awakening a multitude of mediaeval echoes.

We drove up before a forbidding-looking inn, where as warm a welcome awaited us as Orvieto could afford in the winter, with its stone walls and stone floors. A fire was made in one of the vast spaces which passed for bed rooms, and we managed to warm our faces at least, if no other parts of our bodies, before going to bed. The next day the sun gradually thawed us out, and the wonderful view of the highly-perched town down the vine-clad hills over the fertile plains amply repaid our temporary discomfort. From one of the nondescript stores which lined the main street, I bought a fox skin, which I kept for years, and insisted upon carrying with me wherever I went on my much travelling.

Naples in 1885 was still largely unimproved. The water front of Santa Lucia, made famous by the song which has gone around the world, was still in its extreme condition of unwholesome dilapidation, where the population seemed alternately occupied in eating sea food or trailing macaroni down its throat or combing its hair in the open. Although the usual sights were visited in Naples itself, the city had less attraction for us than the outskirts. We had not been in Naples a day before our adventures with the cab drivers began. Those who used to drive across your path at the street crossings and hold you up for a bargain were a veritable pest. To be sure, it was possible to drive about the city for next to nothing, if you could make the driver understand that you knew the tariff and would not be bull-dozed. Beggars were legion, so were pseudo-guides who would undertake to show all the city's sight and were ready to accompany you even unto Pozzuoli and the islands of the bay.

The mildness of the winter climate in Naples was a

delight and we took advantage of it to climb Vesuvius. Whatever tourists may have to say in disappointment of various much heralded sights on the Italian round, Vesuvius cannot be called tame. At least in the winter of 1885 it lacked none of the features which a well conducted volcano should have. The sulphur fumes near the crater were stifling, the hot cinders threatening and the angry roar terrifying as bits of molten lava were hurled from the great mouth into the sky, making the ground scorching under our feet.

Next came a stay on the island of Capri permitting of a leisurely visit to the blue grotto and of exquisite walks to the different elevations on the island.

The usual visit to Pompeii was made in regular order and greatly enjoyed. I was fresh from school and college with considerable accumulation of classic lore, a natural aptitude for historical studies and a fairly clear map of the ancient world in my mind, therefore the ruins of Italy meant much to me at the age of twenty-one. Pompeii proved to be a visible reconstruction of much that had been learned in the classroom, and the idea occurred to me then how easy the Latin and Greek classics would be made for schools boys and college men if they could but see the remains of those civilizations in their natural surroundings. The books of the classic writers, Virgil, Homer, Caesar, Tacitus, Heroditus would all be written for those students in a living instead of dead language. The visit to Pompeii was supplemented by a careful study of the museum in Naples where the principal finds from the ruins are carefully preserved. There remains with me as my favorite among all the many bronze statuettes thus rescued that of the little Narcissus, exquisite in pose and spontaneous merriment dancing to his reflection in the water. I procured a small plaster cast of this statuette which with the fox-skin from Orvieto I carried with me in my travels.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE LEVANT

In Naples I parted from my sister and her husband for a while and made arrangements to pay a visit to my friend Pengelley who had been at school with me and was now stationed near the coast in Asia Minor, in a modern Turkish town called Sochia, not far from Smyrna and, as I learned afterwards, about halfway between Ephesus and Miletus. A passport had to be secured from our minister in Rome and visaed by the Turkish consul in Naples. Then one fine day I sailed on one of the ships of the French Messageries Maritimes for Smyrna on a voyage of adventure to enter the fabled East and so obtain my first glimpse of semi-civilization. There was a stop at Messina with time to go ashore. The quays were full of great tubs as large as barrels containing crushed oranges, to be exported, as I was told, for the making of marmalade in England. The next stop I remember was at the Island of Syra, a bleak rock in the midst of the surging waves. An oriental flat roofed town clung like a bunch of barnacles to a steep slope which rose from the harbor. Then the little steamer proceeded on its voyage and at length was safely moored at the long quay of Smyrna on a blustery March day in 1886. A clerk from the firm with which Pengelley was connected, McAndrews and Forbes, dealers in licorice-root, met me and saw me through the custom house.

My impressions in the interior of Asia Minor, starting from Smyrna and returning to the same port, are mostly recorded in my book, "Little Idyls of the Big World." I shall give only the merest outline here of my journey in Asia Minor.

My first night was spent alone in Smyrna in a house on the quay which passed for a hotel, but gave me more the impression of being a rendezvous of brigands, for

practically every man but myself was armed. The big belt wound around the waist generally contained a collection of daggers and pistols and not infrequently a rifle was carried besides. To be dropped suddenly from the safe surroundings of Caucasian civilization into this strange medley of semi-civilization was a startling experience. I ventured out upon the quay, but discretion deterred me from entering the maze of narrow winding alleys which took the place of streets in the interior of Smyrna. There was enough to see on the quay for one day; Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Albanians, Kurds, men from the desert, trains of camels headed by little donkeys, sheep, Arabian horses, flocks of brilliantly cloaked women, Ottoman soldiers, the fez, the turban, the bournoose, the peaked shoe of vivid color, the flowing robe, the divided skirt, the prevailing reds and blues,—all seemed to make a picture which could only exist at a fancy dress ball or in a bazaar. Occasional shots fired apparently at random added to the outlandish effect.

The next day the clerk who had piloted me through the custom-house acted as guide to the railroad station for Bournabat, where I made a call on some of Pengelley's relatives. Then came the trip to Sochia to visit Pengelley himself. The Aidin railroad runs from Smyrna by the ruins of Ephesus to the Meander valley. It was built and managed by an English company, so that at the station, where the stop for a visit to the ruins of Ephesus was made an enterprising Greek merchant had displayed an English sign of Bass' Ale.

Fresh as I was from the Eastern fringe of the United States and from orderly Europe the sight of the desolations and devastations of Asia Minor, every foot of which bore historical reminiscences of ancient Greek and Roman civilization, of Saracenic and Turkish invasions and of Genoese and Venetian colonization, filled me with profound wonder and tremendous curiosity. I longed to

excavate and reconstruct, to replace the sad present with the flourishing past, when this Asian land contained some of the wonders of the ancient Greek world and was so fruitful that it acted as one of the granaries of Rome.

Beyond the ruins of Ephesus the train slowly climbed on up-grade and presently came to a halt before it could reach the top. There was a violent discussion all through the train, and presently the train backed down the hill again, took a fresh flying start and with much puffing, creaking and straining, finally reached the top and coasted down the other side.

At a little station called Balajik Pengelley met me with horses for the ride to Sochia. I had not seen him since school days, but we recognized each other promptly and he motioned to the armed cavass to bring up the extra horse for me. As I had not been on horseback since Interlaken days, and the stallion selected for me was provided Arab-fashion with a cruel bit, there was some prancing about before I could settle down to follow Pengelley quietly along the road to Sochia.

If landing in Smyrna had taken me out of civilization into semi-civilization, this ride from Balajik to Sochia seemed to take me from semi-civilization into no civilization at all. The armed ruffians we met, the veiled peasant women, their finger-nails dyed with red henna, the browsing camels, the ruins, the tumbledown Turkish houses, the storks marching through the fields, the ragged cultivation, the wierd chants of the country folk which passed for songs, the dilapidation which characterized everything, all this belonged to no civilization with which I had ever been acquainted. There was an undercurrent of excitement and adventure, full of surprises. Exquisite anemones of many colors, clothing hill and plain, gave a gentle touch to this strange barbaric country-side where Mede and Persian and many other races left some

imprint, but most of all the beauty loving, temple and theatre-building Greeks.

The road from Balajik to Sochia had a happy-go-lucky way of avoiding difficulties by skirting every rise in the ground and winding along the plain following the line of least resistance. In places it was passable for carts, but in others it narrowed to a mere trail for horses, donkeys and camels. Some time before my visit an enterprising Pasha had started to build a real carriage road, but at a certain point it stopped apparently as suddenly as it started, giving no explanation of itself.

Pengelley was delighted at my enthusiasm. He had had two silver pieces, of the time of Alexander the Great, which had been found *in situ*, made into cuff-buttons to present to me. I was deeply appreciative of the gift and only wondered that he had found it necessary to change those wonderful coins in any respect before presenting them to me.

We passed through the ruins of ancient Magnesia, where some Circassians were encamped, crossed a little stone bridge which dated from the days of Genoese colonization and ambled into the straggling small town of Sochia. A warm welcome awaited me at Pengelley's home and there I spent the next wonderful, fantastic days, living again in thought, as far as I had gained a knowledge of it from my classical studies, the life of the Greek colonists, and the Roman conquerors and constructors. The occupation by the Ottomans seemed wholly superficial and barbaric. They did not seem to belong to the brilliant past of the country nor to its present great possibilities. The productive activities seemed to be in the hands of Greeks and Armenians and other enterprising levantines, with an occasional English or French firm or a stray Russian or German, though this last nationality had not in the spring of 1886 obtained any footing to speak of in Asia Minor, which was some

day expected to furnish Germany a route to India.

This journey to Smyrna and into a part of Asia Minor took me to the region of the Seven Churches of Asia. I made no attempt, however, to visit the sites of all of the seven, having no special interest at that time in them over other sites, but I explored the ruins of Ephesus from the station of Ayasoluk. From Sochia Pengelley took me for an excursion to the little abandoned and ruined Greek city of Priene; there after climbing to the top of the Acropolis I saw the ruins of Miletus in the distance, across the Maeander Valley. On another occasion we made a never-to-be-forgotten trip to Hierapolis, the ruined city built on a rocky terrace composed of magnesia and silicon deposited by hot springs. Here were the lovely pink and purple basins created by the impregnated waters, beautiful as the delicate cups of tinted lilies. After a swim in the warm pool, I sat on one of the stone benches in the vast ruined theatre of Hierapolis and looked over the plain of the Lycos to where further ruins indicated all that was left of Colosse, to the Christians of which city Paul wrote one of his epistles. The Maeander River was at once the fructifier and the terror of much of the country through which we passed,—the river known to school boys as the one to which Xenophon constantly refers in his *Anabasis*.

I finally parted from Pengelley with the feeling of great gratitude for the opportunity he had afforded me of seeing something of this strange and historically significant part of the world. I had a great desire to penetrate beyond Hierapolis into the interior, perhaps as far as Konieh, the ancient Iconium, but was counseled not to attempt the journey, as the whole country was eminently unsafe. Just before my arrival in Smyrna an Englishman had been captured by brigands in the environs of that city and held for a long time for a ransom. As it was, Pengelley and I never rode out without an

armed guard, and from the end of the railroad to Hierapolis we had several armed men in our company.

A curious coincidence marked my arrival at the station which then formed the end of the Aidin railroad. We were to spend the night with the local representative of Messrs. McAndrews and Forbes, and as we were walking from the station to his house, he introduced me to a young Armenian walking by his side as the local representative of the Stamford Manufacturing Company. Now that company was founded by my maternal great uncle, John Sanford, in association with my grandfather, Henry Josephus Sanford, of Stamford, Connecticut and of New York. Messrs. McAndrews and Forbes and the Stamford Manufacturing Company were both collectors of licorice-root for export and were in a measure competitors in Asia Minor, although I understood that they had made arrangements to divide the country between them. Therefore at the furthest point from civilization which I had ever reached at that time, I was reminded of home and family. When the extracting of licorice from the root was first attempted in that country, portions of the marble fluted columns which lay in all directions among the ruins of the Greek cities were used like grinding stones.

My enthusiasm was so great that I wrote my sister and brother-in-law who were planning to go to Constantinople, not to fail to make the trip to Smyrna also, and then we could sail together for Constantinople and Athens. When in response to my urging they arrived, there was time for us conjointly to make a careful examination of the great area of old Ephesus, and also to enjoy the hospitality of Pengelley's home. Then one fine day we took ship for Constantinople and had the supreme pleasure of passing the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and finding ourselves in that strange medley of the East and the semi-West, of a worthy and unworthy

past and little worth present which was Constantinople in 1886.

No description of the city need be attempted here, except as it relates to my individual growth and education. One special sight among many stands out from that visit to Constantinople,—it was the Dancing Dervishes. I was greatly affected by this exhibition of a semi-religious male dance in a way which I could not then understand. The monotonous reiteration of the primitive notes of music which accompanied the dancing of these priests and the rhythmic whirling of the dancing itself I now know were intended to produce a hypnotic state and a mistaken religious ecstasy. The peculiarly perverse runs of the flute and the beats of the drum roused within me a strong resistance and disgust, so that it was with difficulty that I kept my seat at this exhibition, and definitely vowed I would never expose myself to such an experience again. For years after the uncertain wavering flute runs characteristic of oriental music brought to my mind this hypnotic exhibition, even when they were introduced into classic music at the best concerts. We saw the Sultan of that day, the notorious Abdul Hamid, called picturesquely by Gladstone, the Great Assassin on account of the Armenian massacres. He was on his way to the Mosque on a Friday.

The scavenger dogs of Constantinople excited our pity; the glory of the Bosphorus blue our delight; the multi-colored crowds were a ceaseless wonder, but somehow they did not touch the heart, for the East is at first too cruel to draw upon the compassion of the West.

It was not until we had sailed by Salamis into the harbor of Piraeus and felt the keen clean air of Greece, had strolled in the scrupulously clean white streets of Athens, that the abysmal cleft between the Orient and the Occident exposed itself. Athens thrilled me with its pure glory, both ancient and modern. The Acropolis

and its priceless heritages, although it surmounted the city, did not entirely eclipse the clear sunlit charm of the modern houses, openly declaring a new Greece and a new nation. Since 1886 the progress of Greece has been by no means unchecked nor all-glorious. There have been reverses and there was a shameful time when its royal house of foreign origin was momentarily caught in the German trap at the beginning of the Great World War, but nevertheless the little Greece of 1886 has grown sturdily and is to-day a worthy member of the family of nations.

Ah, those exquisite spring days! With the cream butter of the country and honey from Hymettus on the table, breakfast was not a meal, but a charming historic feast. Then to sally into the sunny streets, make the tour of the sights, conjure up the past and live again with Socrates, Plato and Epictetus, to stand with Paul on Mars Hill, to caress the little temple of the Wingless Victory and fondly follow the perfect lines of the Parthenon,—is not this what endears Athens to the one coming either from the extreme West or the nearest East? My heart thrilled with its beauty.

In Athens we became acquainted with the United States minister of the day who I believe also served in Rumania and Servia. A moonlight expedition to the Acropolis arranged with his help was one of the delights of that visit, for the purity of tone and outline, which have made the great temples of the Acropolis models for the ages, are greatly enhanced by the half light of the moon. It seemed as though all traces of time, every slightest stain of weather discoloration had vanished; a great white light appeared to have dissipated everything unlike itself. At this time also I made a visit to some excavations which were being carried out at Laurion by the American School of Archeology, but after the tremendous untouched ruins which I had seen in Asia Minor, Laurion had little of interest to present.

Our highly enjoyable visit in Athens came to a close and our party left for Corfu and Patras by way of the canal of Corinth and the town of Corinth itself. There was then a long tedious rough trip up the Adriatic to Trieste and we found ourselves once more in the typical atmosphere of Continental Europe, which had been left behind when I sailed from Naples for Smyrna. During the sail up the Adriatic my eye followed by the hour the forbidding looking coast line of the Balkan peninsula which has since given the world so much cause for war. Behind these terrible cliffs lay the mysteries of Epirus, Albania, Servia, Montenegro and other budding nations rescued from the Turkish yoke. I wondered as I sailed by and my wonder continued for many years, until the great explosion of the world war dissipated the mystery of those great cliffs.

From Trieste we visited Venice. I devoured Mr. Howell's description of his days spent there as American consul while the city was still under the Austrians.

Venice was quite different from what I had expected and in some respects more beautiful. To issue from the railroad station upon a flight of steps leading to the water's edge, to enter a black gondola, bag and baggage, and be rowed along the silent, tideless canals to your hotel seemed almost too good to be true. Was this really the usual way of getting about or was this mere play to humor visitors? No, the wonder grew apace with every day spent in Venice that this aquatic life could be the real life of the place.

At this time I began to assume a semi-humorous, indulgent attitude towards these foreign cities, which is the habitual American condition of mind towards all things foreign. My experience in the Orient had dulled the edge of the sensational. The guides and beggars of Italy might be insistent and persistent, but I had just come from a country where people went about armed to

the teeth, therefore I looked at these amateur brigands with a good humored indulgence, they did not know that I had ridden all day with an armed cavass by the name of Ali, who had been a real brigand and had but recently surrendered himself to the authorities. The stone courts which passed for bedrooms in Italy seemed luxurious after the sleeping accommodations in the Orient.

There was a visit to London and presently I found myself in Liverpool, ready to sail for home once more. Either there or in London I met Mr. James Knox of St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, taking a short vacation. It was a pleasant meeting and Mr. Knox suggested my returning to the school as master for a year at least. The project appealed to me and arrangements were then set on foot which ended in my finding myself once more, in the fall of 1886, at St. Paul's School under Dr. Henry A. Coit, much to my surprise.

Of the visit to Liverpool the most vivid recollection, strangely enough, was hearing for the first time a Hungarian band at the Exhibition which was being held there that summer. Here was something as absolutely new and delightful to my musical sense as the Dancing Dervishes had proved to be disgusting to the ear and the eye. This Hungarian music fascinated, stirred the imagination and touched the heart. It carried with it some of the sadness of a people long oppressed by the Turkish menace against their lands and also the fierce joy of battle and deliverance; it seemed a mixture of the elegy and the dance, of tears and laughter; yet it was not quite of the West, for it was not well ordered enough; it was neither Italian nor German, nor yet quite Russian, though its moments of passionate abandon recalled the Russian steppes.

From this summer of 1886 also dates a short walking tour in the Isle of Wight. John R. Cunningham joined me in London and we decided to try to repeat some of our Swiss experiences while in England, selecting that

beautiful island for our experiment. We circled a good portion of the Isle of Wight on this walk of three days, keeping as close to the sea as we could. The weather was exquisite; the delicate kindly tones of the English landscape were at their best; that peculiar softness of the atmosphere which seems to be found nowhere else in such fullness of beauty, hovered over land and sea; even the sparkle of the sea was tempered by the mauve veilings of mist which came and went hour by hour.

When we reached the end of the island, where the famous Needles have waded out to sea and are standing guard over the shipping passing to and fro from Southampton harbor, we followed a narrow path over the downs to the furthest edge of the cliffs and basked in the breeze and breath of this exposed spot. Then we retraced our steps into the village of Freshwater and entered the inn for some refreshment. As we sat there the innkeeper suddenly said, "Lord Tennyson is coming this way." He pointed down the road and we stood at the window as the great poet walked slowly by with his son Lionel.

Tennyson looked exactly like his picture. There was the great head with long hair and wide beard, the quiet meditative air, the repose in the eyes. A cloak thrown over the shoulders completed the picture of a real poet. I have never met a great man who in appearance so completely filled the frame of my expectations. Fresh from college as we were Cunningham and I were filled with a sort of gentle awe. Here was the man known and beloved in two continents. I recalled especially his poem on Ulysses, one of my favorites, which Mr. Augustus M. Swift had caused us at St. Paul's School to learn by heart. Here was the author of "Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, O sea," a poem doubtless inspired by the waves breaking on the very shore we had just been watching from the top of the cliffs. Tennyson walked by carrying with him the admiration and gratitude

of two Americans of his own race and kin across the sea. A great cross now stands on the downs as a token of affection from the Anglo-Saxon peoples for the great poet who has forged a noble link in their bond of brotherhood.

CHAPTER IX

AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Thus with the opening of the school year for 1886, I found myself back again at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, after an absence of a little over four years, a master at twenty years of age. Behind me lay many significant experiences and now I was to have a year at least within which to pass them in review. What was I to do with them? The desire to write was strong upon me, in the meantime I greatly enjoyed the New Hampshire country, the walks over the hills and occasional horseback rides. Among the school customs which I remember was the charming one by which the first mayflower (trailing arbutus) found in the spring was taken to the rectory, the event noted in the *Horae Scholasticae* and the boy who found it was invited to dinner by Mrs. Coit. This reference to the school paper reminds me that it was in its pages that Marion Crawford made his first literary efforts. There was a farmhouse which I recalled from my school days as perhaps the most unattractive of all in the neighborhood, a dingy house with barn and connecting covered way, after the fashion of New Hampshire farms. Some straggling grass patches and a few sombre pines made an unkempt front. My recollection was of seeing two elderly men working about the place and of no one else. After the year 1892 when I revisited the school I noticed that a strong fence with granite posts surrounded the place and a granite arch spanned the entrance of the drive into the grounds. The farmhouse had been converted into a pleasant dwelling house.

Years went by before I heard that this new arrival in the neighborhood was Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, who became an honored benefactor of the city during her residence at Pleasant View. When I visited Concord in

1900, Pleasant View was within sight of Bow Hill, Mrs. Eddy's birthplace.

Not only had the least of the farmhouses been converted into the best of the local dwelling houses, but the road in front of Pleasant View which I remember as the worst part of the road into Concord had become the best; for in winter that part used to gather the deepest drifts, in spring the worst of the melting slush and in summer the greatest dust, but after it had been macadamized it presented the smoothest and hardest of surfaces. Thus had the worst become the best at the touch of a good woman's influence.

My year as Master at St. Paul's School was varied in its interests. I had charge of the dormitory at the Upper School, taught the Shell Form the rudiments of the three R's, and had some classes in French and German. My principal companions were the Rev. Epiphanius Wilson who later became Editor of the *Churchman* in New York and the two brothers, Edward and Arnold Spanhoofd, who had the chief classes in German. Mr. Wilson was an Englishman of university training and wide reading, who had been stationed for some time in Labrador. I felt free to speak to him openly about the many world questions which even then were troubling me. The brothers Spanhoofd were inclined to be progressive in their view and many an hour was spent by us in discussing the changes in social, economic and political conditions which seemed essential. This companionship afforded me an outlet for the expression of opinions which were surging strongly within me.

My gratitude goes out to these men now for the freedom which they made possible for me, for in other respects the discipline of the school grated sharply upon me, until I once exclaimed to a colleague, "This is no work for a gentleman." To which he rejoined very aptly, "Only a gentleman can do it." This remark of

mine having come to Dr. Coit's ears, he had a little talk with me about it. The same curious feeling came over me which used to afflict us all as boys; I seemed helpless in his presence; and made very lame rejoinders to his remarks. There were weekly Masters meetings in the Doctor's study which I used to dread for some ill defined reason. Certain it is that the Doctor's will and his point of view were always determining though generally expressed in the mildest terms. Among the pupils during that year were my two second cousins, Everett and Clarence B. Smith, sons of Rev. Cornelius Bishop Smith. I bear the pleasantest recollection of these dear boys. Everett became an Episcopal minister and Clarence entered the law in which he is carving out for himself an honorable and successful career.

During my stay of one year at St. Paul's School as a master I thought much about a history of Switzerland. I had on hand my first studies on the subject of comparing the Constitution of the United States with that of Switzerland. Though much hampered by lack of reference books, yet I wrote a little as opportunity came. My experiences in Asia Minor also were constantly recurring to my thought, producing in me a great desire to go back there, penetrate into the interior and excavate the vast ruins which at that time had been almost untouched by archeologists. I devoured eagerly everything I could find on the subject until the project of going abroad after my year as master was finished shaped itself definitely in my mind.

Towards the close of the term Dr. Coit talked with me about returning for the next term. He was not greatly impressed with my desire to go to Asia Minor and lose myself among the ruins, nor with my interest in Swiss history and strongly urged me to return to the school and perhaps make teaching my life work. Finally there came a day when I must give him a definite answer.

It was my purpose not to return; I felt cramped and bound by the religious atmosphere of the school which I had outgrown; the great world called to me, although the prospect of worldly success was small indeed; yet my income was sufficient to satisfy modest needs; I felt I must get away. But the power of the Doctor's persuasive mentality which had so often been proved to me before constrained me and I felt I must not attempt to argue my position with him, or he would gain the upper hand and I would find myself doing as he advised even against my will. During the painful interview I said little but clung with desperation to my resolution not to reengage myself for another year. I seemed glued to my chair while the doctor wove the net of persuasion around me. At the close I escaped without having acquiesced in his desire and never again was the subject of my return to the school urged upon me.

I greatly appreciate today the many virtues of St. Paul's School as I knew it, the charm of its scholarship, its wholesome outdoor life, and its deep friendships. From the bottom of my heart as I write I thank Dr. Coit for his superb devotion to an ideal which made all this possible. I honor him also for his perception of the essential bond between our best American life and the Old England of our ancestral ideals. He has his share in the Anglo-American union of hearts and purposes, in ushering in a practical expression of Anglo-Israel, of the restoration of Israel in accordance with prophecy. When some years later the news reached me that Dr. Coit had left us and that a monument to him was to be placed in the chapel which he loved so much, as a grateful pupil I gladly contributed to perpetuate his memory in the manner chosen. When Dr. Shattuck, the founder of the school died on February 5th, 1895, he could look back upon vast changes. Unlike most benefactors he was able to see the fruits of his bequests with his own eyes.

From three boys the number in attendance had grown to more than three hundred; from fifty-five acres the lands had increased to over five hundred and fifty.

CHAPTER X

WRITING MY HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND

The summer of 1887 found me once more in Switzerland taking up the thread of my studies in Swiss history and making personal visits to the places off the beaten track of tourist travel, where the decisive events in Swiss history had taken place. My love for the country was so great and my interest in its slightest and most obscure historical experiences so profound, that I am certain at this writing on December 2nd, 1918, that these sentiments must have had some important bearing upon my life purpose. It was my hope when publishing my books "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland" and my pamphlet "Swiss Solutions of American Problems" that I might prove myself useful to my own country and Switzerland. Before the fall of 1887 came I had covered a good part of Switzerland and filled some note books with first impressions which later lent local color to my history and the further descriptive books which I had in mind. At Lausanne, on this visit to Switzerland I met a lady, Miss Isabella Banks, whom I married on October 12th of that year in London, England, at the church of St. James, Piccadilly.

That winter we remained in Zürich, Switzerland, while I was studying and writing on my history, residing at the Hotel Bellevue, near the Lake of Zürich. I frequented a great deal the public library in the old Wasserkirche of Zürich, transcribing and gathering material from the dusty old tomes there. With the approach of spring came a visit to the Italian Lakes where the first impressions were gathered for a book upon that exquisite region, a book which was not, however, undertaken until the year 1906 when I was residing in Boston as First Reader of The First Church of Christ Scientist, The Mother Church

of Christian Science, and occupying Mrs. Eddy's house at 385 Commonwealth Avenue.

There were visits to the Pension Simpkin at Interlaken, visits to the aunties who had now left Interlaken definitely and lived first at Wiesbaden and then at Baden Baden. One winter they spent at Bozen in Southern Tyrol. Thither came my brother John, his wife Cora and their little daughter Gertrude, who toured Tyrol in the most original manner, walking from place to place, wheeling the child in her baby carriage and entering intimately into the life of the peasantry. John took many photographs, some of which I used later in my "Fair Land Tyrol"; he also wrote an account of the leisurely wanderings of the three in his own hand, sending copies to the different members of the family.

John possessed the secret of entering into the hearts of the people; his simple ways, his high spirituality, his unfeigned interest in their daily affairs, his turn for mechanical contrivances and his command of the dialect endeared him to all. Of him it could be said as of Jesus, "the common people heard him gladly." His career was as original as his character and deserves a volume by itself. After leaving the theological Seminary in Middletown, Connecticut, my brother served as assistant clergyman in Christ Church, Hartford. He was then called to California and filled the position of rector of the Episcopal church in Sierra Madre near Pasadena.

Then came a call to go to Munich, Bavaria, to take charge of the American church there, as he spoke German and understood the country. For my brother's work in Munich many Americans and English have reason to be grateful. He gathered around him the young people of the English speaking race and provided them with a common meeting place and common interests. He founded a library of English books and named it after my mother. His home was open to all. He was a father to the father-

less, his love of music and of nature, his inventiveness, his generosity, his simple living endeared him to wholesome youth. During his stay in Munich he was called once or twice to assist Dr. Nevin, rector of the American Episcopal church in Rome. It was characteristic of him that he did not feel at home amid the ecclesiastical display in Rome, and it was there, that he had the first attack of a physical ailment which later carried him off in the year 1906 in Munich.

Following his usual custom, John, during his stay in Munich became very friendly with the peasant population of some of the places in the nearby Bavarian Highlands. He was a frequent visitor at Oberammergau, where the famous Passion Play takes place every ten years. He knew well all the men and the women who took parts in the play, especially the admirable Anton Lang, who acted the character of Jesus and wore his blond hair long, down to his shoulders. John founded another library of English books in Oberammergau. So beloved was he in the village that when the good people heard that he had died in Munich they petitioned the *Kultus* Minister of the Bavarian government for permission to bury him near them. The permission of Mrs. John H. McCrackan and of the government having been obtained, the body was buried on the slope of a hill overlooking the village, on the top of which stands the marble monument erected by King Ludwig of Bavaria. When I visited Oberammergau some years after to see my brother's grave, Anton Lang and the other actors in the Passion Play gave me a hearty welcome.

In pursuing my study of Swiss history, I spent parts of two summers in succession at Altdorf in Canton Uri, Switzerland, following up all traces of the William Tell story and familiarizing myself thoroughly with the old Cantons surrounding the Lake of Lucerne, where the

Swiss Confederation had its origin. I also used extensively the library of the University of Geneva, especially with reference to the times of Calvin and that picturesque figure, Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon. Time will not permit me to tell of all the historic places visited, the passes crossed, and the peaks climbed. I think it is no exaggeration to say that when my Swiss studies were completed I had a more general knowledge of Swiss life and of Switzerland itself below the snow line than any English-speaking person, unless I except my friend, Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, the writer of the articles on Switzerland in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, who was certainly supreme above the snow line.

Mr. Coolidge was an American by birth, who at an early age had gone to England, studied at Oxford and then started to climb all the great peaks in Europe. My first meeting with Mr. Coolidge was amusing, and led to other occasional meetings when I was abroad and circumstances permitted. After my history, "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," had appeared Mr. Coolidge reviewed it in the *English Historical Review* and there ensued some correspondence between us. Mr. Coolidge finally arranged that we should meet at the hamlet of Lavin in the Engadine while he was in that district on a trip mapping out the snow peaks for a monumental work on the Swiss Alps; and so it happened that one summer's day, the 26th of July, 1895, I stepped from the little diligence at Lavin and met Mr. Coolidge for the first time. Our surprise was mutual. I had pictured Mr. Coolidge as a powerful, somewhat aggressive man, probably having in my mind his ascents of all the most difficult peaks in the Alps. I found him to be indeed a well set, bearded man, but as shy and as embarrassed in manner as a girl. What he may have expected of me I do not know exactly, but he afterwards confessed to me

his great surprise at finding the author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" so young a man.

Mr. Coolidge was accompanied by his regular guide, the well-known Christian Almer Jr. of Grindelwald. We arranged to climb the snow peak of the Piz Fliana, 10,775 feet next day, Mr. Coolidge later writing an account of this ascent for the Bulletin of the Swiss Alpine Club, which he afterwards sent me. Our climb established a new route up this fine point of view. The last time I saw Mr. Coolidge he had taken a house in Grindelwald, and had installed himself there bag and baggage—baggage in his case being synonymous with books. His house seemed to be literally filled with books from top to bottom. We made the rounds of the heavily laden shelves together, and he pointed out to me my own books carefully preserved by him in the collection of works on Swiss history.

Mr. Coolidge was always very modest about his ascents of the great peaks, leaving one with the impression that they were all extremely easy, and that the famous climbs at whose mere mention I had always been awed were no more difficult than promenades. He always left me with the impression that his many years of exploration and extremely dangerous work had in reality been crowded with fun and joy. Among other souvenirs of his climbing days he showed me a peculiar dog collar which had belonged to his inseparable companion of many years, a dog of no special breed who had travelled and climbed with him. This dog had many notable ascents to his name, so that Mr. Coolidge had caused to be fixed to his collar brass tags with the names of the mountains he had climbed.

When I returned to the United States I found my dear mother and my step-father living in a pleasant brick house in Middletown, Connecticut. Mr. Copeland had

formed a strong friendship with John during the latter's years of study at the Episcopal Seminary at Middletown. My step-father was a staunch supporter of the Episcopal church and at the same time had many friends in Wesleyan University. If I am not mistaken he was an honorary member of the local chapter of Psi U whose meetings he often attended; he was very fond of music, having played the organ in church for many years; he also had a talent for illuminating texts after the manner of mediaeval artists. It was his habit to rise very early in the morning and do this work with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. All of us children liked him, and his sister, Miss Mary Copeland, for they were both warm hearted and generous.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Copeland moved down to New York and occupied a large roomy apartment in the Dalhousie on 59th Street facing Central Park. In its day this apartment house was one of the loftiest and best equipped in New York. Mr. William Dean Howells lived in the same house and there I called upon him with special delight.

While in Middletown I several times met on the streets a man whose clear-cut scholarly face strongly attracted me, although I never became acquainted with him. Mr. Copeland informed me that he was Woodrow Wilson, at that time a Professor in Wesleyan University, since arisen to fame as President of the United States. Woodrow Wilson was at Wesleyan from 1888 to 1890. I was familiar with Professor Wilson's studies on comparative governments and had used them in preparing myself for my history of Switzerland. Mr. Copeland knew Professor Wilson as he did the other members of the faculty of Wesleyan University.

As the first fruits of my studies in Swiss history I had sent from abroad two articles to *The Atlantic*

Monthly in Boston, but as I heard nothing from them I decided to go to Boston myself and ascertain their fate.

The poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* at that time. I recall with great pleasure the reception he accorded me, although I was an entirely unknown writer. Many a beginner must recall with mixed feelings the building on Park Street, Boston, where the venerable *Atlantic Monthly* has so long been housed. "Mr. Aldrich would like to see you," was the message I received when I had entered the office of the famous periodical, and made my inquiry about the articles. Mr. Aldrich was exceedingly kind and appreciative of my work. He remarked that I had expressed a new beauty in my articles and informed me, to my great joy, that he had decided to use them soon in the magazine. He went on to advise my writing some more for *The Atlantic Monthly*, to which I gladly agreed.

The world looked very bright and the ground was cushioned with air as I walked away from Park Street and mingled with the crowd on Tremont Street. This experience was the beginning of a strong attachment for Boston which constantly brought me back whenever I settled elsewhere and supposed that my work in Boston was complete. *The Atlantic Monthly* published several further articles of mine, the substance of which was later incorporated into "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," and the two little volumes, "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland." When, however, I later began to be interested in political and economic reforms and, taking Switzerland for my source of information began to advocate the Referendum, the Initiative, Proportional Representation and other reforms, I found an avenue for my views in *The Arena*, a new monthly founded by that brave fore-fighter for human rights, Mr. B. O. Flower. In the meantime I went abroad again to pursue my

studies further. Well do I remember the day in Geneva when a check arrived from *The Atlantic Monthly* for my first two articles with the announcement that they had appeared in the October and November numbers for 1890. This was my first payment for literary work. I recall my surprise at the size of the check and my wonder that anyone should wish to pay me so generously for doing that which gave me so much pleasure in the doing.

While working on my history of Switzerland I spent a winter in Rome writing fitfully upon that book while at the same time becoming well acquainted with the city, and its environs from every point of view. At this time I saw a great deal of the American artists who had studios there, Elihu Vedder, the illustrator of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam and designer of the mosaic *Minerva* in the Congressional Library at Washington, was a central figure in the American colony; with his wife he kept open house for his compatriots and the interesting travelers who were always passing through Rome. He was a bluff, hale and hearty, unconventional man, fundamentally original and full of jokes. I recall waiting with him on the stand erected in front of the American Church on the *Via Nazionale* when the German Emperor, William II, made one of his fateful visits to Rome. His jocular treatment of the whole occurrence amused me greatly.

Another home I visited frequently was that of the designer of the east bronze doors of the rotunda under the dome of the Capitol in Washington, Randolph Rogers, who was then living in Rome at an advanced age, a massive man with a majestic head and a long white beard falling upon his breast. He would sit quiet and wordless while his sons and daughters were entertaining their friends, and his grandchildren were romping about the room.

At this house I used to meet the two brothers, Francesco and Leo Mariotti, who had married sisters, two American girls of very different natures, Melanie and Eva. Francesco Mariotti was a secretary in the King's household and it was his delight to "carry on" in the most ridiculous fashion when we met at the house of the Rogers family. We would play children's games and charades while he mimicked and mocked everything and everybody to our great delight. He was excruciatingly funny in staging and imitating the conventional subjects in the picture galleries. Leo Mariotti was a painter, a great whole-souled boyish man with a special love for the Campagna; its flat wastes, its flocks of sheep, the stretches of the Appian Way, the stray columns of the ruined aqueducts and the distant range of the Alban Hills—all had a deep meaning and awoke a great love in him.

Another home in which I was most hospitably received was that of the sculptor Ives originally from New Haven, Connecticut, and thereby hangs a most interesting little tale.

After the visit to Rome made by my parents with grandmother McCrackan and the three aunts, the year before my birth in 1863, my mother had sent to Mrs. Ives a photograph taken of me as a baby sitting on the floor and holding in my hand one of those crescent-shaped bread rolls so common on the continent of Europe. This photograph Mrs. Ives had placed in a large album along with many photographs of friends, and it had been her custom in entertaining her own children, as they grew up, to turn the leaves of this album and tell them something about the photographs. Mine was called by her children "the Crackan Baby." When in the winter of 1888 I called on Mrs. Ives with a letter of introduction from some other member of the American colony I knew noth-

ing of this personal incident. On seeing my card, Mrs. Ives inquired whether my parents had ever visited Rome in years gone by. I told her of the time as near as I could remember; she smiled and turning to go into another room said to me, "Then I think you must be 'The Crackan Baby'." Presently she returned with the old-fashioned album and showed me my photograph as a baby. Needless to say I was a welcome visitor at her house after that.

During this sojourn in Rome two events stand out as of special importance in my memory. The first was a visit to St. Peters when Leo XIII officiated there at a mass for the dead. I was given to understand at the time that this was his first official entry into the basilica itself. Something within me rebelled powerfully against this ecclesiastical display. I afterwards presented my impressions in an article entitled: "Pontifex Maximus," first published in Boston in *The Arena* and then subsequently in a little volume entitled "Little Idylls of the Big World." Everything in me that was American and came from a long line of liberty loving ancestors revolted definitely and finally against this ceremony.

Another incident connected with my sojourn in Rome in 1888 was the visit that autumn of the young Kaiser William II and his brother Henry, to the Quirinal and to the Vatican. I saw them pass down the Via Nazionale, while standing in front of the American church, and again saw them driving from the Quirinal to the German Embassy for a visit to the Vatican.

It would have been hard to find two likelier young men than these two as they showed themselves to the cheering throngs. Great achievements for good were possible to them both, but as I write this, on November 17th, 1918, after the lapse of thirty years, these two men are both fugitives in a foreign land, one of them held re-

sponsible by the world for the greatest and most diabolical war ever known in history. The clue to the Kaiser's life failure is to be found in this first visit to Rome. This was the parting of the ways for William II, and eventually for Germany. This visit was followed next spring by one to the notorious Sultan Abdul Hamid at Constantinople, thus marking the first time that one of the great rulers of Christendom had been the guest of a Mohammedan Sultan. In 1898, William II repeated his visit to the Sultan and made his spectacular entry into Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XI

LIVING IN BOSTON

In 1890 I took up my residence definitely in Boston, where my literary work first found acceptance. I finished "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" and "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland" in my apartment at 376 Newbury Street on the corner of Massachusetts Avenue. From my windows I could look over some vacant lots to Commonwealth Avenue to a brown house with a turret which at that time stood almost alone. That house was 385 Commonwealth Avenue and was owned by Mrs. Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science. I did not, however, know this at the time, nor have I any recollection of hearing of Christian Science itself during my residence in Boston. I have a vague recollection of seeing a new church in process of erection on an unsightly triangle of made land in the direction of Huntington Avenue, but churches interested me little at that time, and I did not give the matter a second thought.

The Atlantic Monthly having found my political and economic articles too advanced for its readers, I began to publish my views in The Arena, which made its home in the handsome new Pearce building on Copley Square. My advanced views disturbed some of my friends very much. They would have preferred that my writings should have remained within the frame of general popular opinion, but in spite of my temperamental desire to please and so see good in everything and everyone, I was continually being pushed to think and write more emphatically, as the pressing need for great changes in the world forced itself upon me.

While spending the winter in Zürich in 1887, studying for my history of Switzerland, my brother-in-law, Lawson Purdy, of New York, had written me about

Henry George's great work, "Progress and Poverty," which had shed a new light upon world problems for him. He was the first to interest me in George's proposed Single Tax and on my return to the United States I definitely associated myself with this reform, speaking and writing about it as opportunity afforded. At this time I acquired the habit which as yet has never left me, that of being in the minority.

The men whom I met in connection with the Single Tax agitation were necessarily altruistic, for there was no immediate visible gain for the individual to be derived from this reform, but only a general gain as the whole level of conditions was raised. In this manner I learned to know more or less intimately William Lloyd Garrison of Boston, Louis F. Post, Editor of *The Public* in Chicago, Thomas A. Shearman of Brooklyn, Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, Father McGlynn, who so bravely advocated Henry George's teachings in the Anti Poverty Society of New York, James A. Herne, the actor-playwright, author of "Shore Acres," Hamlin Garland the author, and many other good men whom it would be a pleasure to mention here.

Henry George himself and his family I knew well. George was essentially a prophet and teacher, not a politician. He had the world outlook; as a boy he had sailed before the mast and had seen world conditions for himself, so that when he sought for a remedy for the ills of mankind, his proposed reform was world wide. Without attempting to enter into a description of his teaching or his career, suffice it to say that for me, he acted as a John the Baptist, awakening me from indifference and a proneness to dilettantism.

My debt to Henry George is deep and lasting. He was physically a small man with a dome-shaped head of great power. When he strode up and down on the plat-

form, he was like a lion, every word was a blow, every gesture a stroke. He was an individualist to the core; it was never his purpose to pull down, but always to build up mankind, as the following little incident illustrates. He was once reproached by some friends in the ranks of labor for wearing a dress suit at a public dinner at which he spoke, but he declared that his purpose was not to take a dress suit from anyone, but to give every man an opportunity to wear one.

On account of his advocacy of radical land reform, some Irish politicians at first espoused his cause, but as soon as they discovered that he stood for land reform in all lands, they at once dropped him and to the last he received only opposition from all political parties which feared his irresistible logic and the religious fervor of his convictions. Henry George confirmed my natural trend of thought towards liberty, by proving that the cure for mankind's economic ills cannot lie in more and more legislation but in freedom of action. He showed that free trade, free expansion produces the most wholesome conditions; that state interference, except in natural monopolies produces further troubles. He showed the underlying fallacies of state socialism as imported from Germany, and was ever an out and out combatant of collective tyranny under whatever name. Henry George was a noble, disinterested, powerful awakener for multitudes. On the occasion of one of my trips to Europe he furnished me with a letter of introduction and a list of his many sympathizers in Europe which I used with great pleasure.

At the time of my first residence in Boston Henry George's teachings constituted about all the religion I had. I attended Emanuel Episcopal Church a few times, and heard some of the notable preachers of the day, but was not regular anywhere in my church attendance. It was

the Boston of Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale and Minot Savage, each in his way a power of religious thought, men who applied their religious convictions to the questions of the day and were eagerly listened to. The theory of evolution was still new enough to be a live issue in sermons. People not only went to church to hear sermons, but read them in the daily papers and discussed them among themselves afterwards.

The exaggerated headline newspaper had not yet crept into Boston for editors had a following of interested readers to whom they talked daily as the preachers talked to their congregations. The public library, a powerful and characteristic Boston institution, was still down on Boylston Street near Tremont, on the site of the present Colonial Theatre, but was preparing to move into sumptuous quarters on Copley Square. The Museum of Fine Arts was also on that square, where the Hotel Copley Plaza now stands, and there Mr. Edward Robinson as Curator was gradually assembling casts of all the great statues in the world.

I recall going to find him one day in the basement of the museum and suddenly finding myself face to face with a cast of that superb bronze statue of King Arthur of England, which stands among many others around the tomb of Emperor Maximilian of Hapsburg in the parish church of Innsbruck in Tyrol. I had visited Innsbruck not long before and had derived a deep joy from coming unexpectedly upon the original statue, while I was somewhat perfunctorily making the rounds of the art treasures. I had stopped before the King Arthur statue amazed at its ideal beauty. Mr. Robinson told me he had had great difficulty in securing this cast; the one in the museum in Boston was, as far as he then knew, the first which had ever been permitted to leave Innsbruck, and he was correspondingly glad to have me admire it so much.

The Arena Publishing Company issued "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" in 1892, and in 1894 The Joseph Knight Company, which was later absorbed by the L. C. Page Company, my "Romance and Teutonic Switzerland." I also gathered my articles on political reforms based upon my study of Swiss institutions and with my mother's financial assistance issued a small paper covered book, entitled "Swiss Solutions of American Problems." The Joseph Knight Company published a small volume of mine entitled "Little Idyls of the Big World." My history was later revised and issued by Henry Holt and Company of New York. An edition of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" appeared in England, and the principal newspapers in Great Britain reviewed it favorably.

The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, then occupying the Duchy of Lancaster Office, wrote me from London, October 27th, 1892, "It seems to me that you have happily blended the picturesque treatment which some parts of Swiss history demand with the object of bringing out the political lesson of the last thirty or fifty years. I trust your book may do much to show our people, as well as yours, how much is to be learned from a study of Swiss affairs." The chief Swiss review the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, published in Lausanne, said: "Mr. McCrackan is a young American writer, who has devoted himself to the task of making Switzerland known to his countrymen; . . . he has the merit of having studied his subject most conscientiously; the enormous list of works he has consulted would suffice to show this. He has visited our country with care, examined the battle-fields, which were the scenes of Helvetian heroism, and informed himself about our intellectual, artistic and literary development."

These Boston days were full of reform endeavors. Through Mr. B. O. Flower of The Arena, I became acquainted with many powerful thinkers to whom he

opened the hospitable columns of his fearless magazine. In Mr. Flower's office I met for the first time Wm. P. McKenzie with whom I was later to be closely associated in editorial work. Here also I met William Ordway Partridge, an enthusiastic American idealist who was already then producing excellent work in sculpture. Partridge had a studio at Milton where he executed some big pieces. The Hamilton statue now standing in front of the Hamilton Club in Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of Partridge's best. I recall his telling me how the striking pose of that figure came to him suddenly one night after he had gone to bed, and how he rose and struck an attitude before the mirror to fasten it definitely upon his mind.

Partridge dropped me a line one day asking me to come to see him as he had an important project to unfold to me. I found him rather overwhelmed by the work which he had taken upon himself, namely, to get the progressive thinkers of Boston together into a Club. He informed me that he had talked over the subject with Phillips Brooks, who had heartily approved and now he wished me to act as secretary of this new club, and send out invitations to a list of men who were known to be fearless thinkers. I consented, and this was the beginning of the Twentieth Century Club, which later became a veritable institution of Boston.

Partridge was not only a sculptor but wrote excellent verse as well which was published from time to time. With reference to his work as a sculptor I recall the time when he was making the equestrian statue of Grant, which now stands in Lincoln Park in Chicago. He decided to make casts from a horse's legs, and for this purpose used a beautiful animal in his studio at Milton, where I saw the process of taking some of the plaster casts from the live horse's legs. This was considered a great

innovation at the time, so that Partridge was interviewed on the subject by the Boston papers. In whatever he undertook Partridge was essentially progressive, deeply humanitarian and with a mental grasp of world conditions.

It was in The Twentieth Century Club that I learned to know Edwin D. Mead, one of the most unselfish idealists among Boston reformers. Mr. Mead promptly announced that we could not constitute a Twentieth Century Club unless we admitted women on equal terms with men. This policy of equal rights was unanimously adopted, and thereafter remained a special saving grace of the club. Mr. Mead was always at work on some altruistic reform; he incorporated that public spirit of Boston, which looked after its historic sites and protected the precious Common from all predatory designs.

Upon my advice an attempt was made to pattern the club constitution upon the Swiss federal constitution, vesting the executive power in a board of administration rather than in a single head. The members were very patient in making a trial of this to please me, but it did not work particularly well, proving too cumbersome for such a small organization. Eventually a President was elected, and Edwin D. Mead was that President, the busy man to whom we used to go when we wanted something done. Mr. Mead was incidentally also editor of the New England Magazine, in which I published an occasional article, among others one on St. Paul's School and another on Bonivard, the Prisoner of Chillon. Good Mr. Mead became a strong peace advocate, but when the outbreak of the world war in the summer of 1914 destroyed his cherished plan of world peace his heart seemed to be broken and he retired from public activity.

It is not too much to say that in the nineties of the expiring century Boston contained a group of men who

felt the urgent necessity for great world changes to stave off world catastrophies which would be sure to follow a policy of mere *laissez-faire*.

Such men suffer in a way which is quite incomprehensible to those who are simply taking the world as they find it, and are making no efforts to change conditions because they are not sensitive enough to be aware of impending changes. I used to see much of William Lloyd Garrison, son of the abolitionist, himself a staunch unmovable forefighter for freedom in all directions, an ardent friend of Henry George, an undaunted free-trader. The Garrisons lived at that time in Brookline, in a very pleasant corner house on upper Beacon street, and many is the Sunday evening I had supper there followed by a wonderful inspiring talk about the rights of man and woman, for we were all instinctively upholders of the equal rights of women. Special privilege was the culprit which our reforms in all directions were designed to catch and destroy. Bellamy's book "Looking Backward" appeared about that time; it was discussed everywhere and the attempt was even made to found powerful groups of thinkers upon its teachings, if not a great political party. The school of economic, social and political thought to which I belonged, however, did not take "Looking Backward" as a book containing definite teachings, but merely as a wholesome awakener and were grateful that it could create a stir among the self satisfied who by it were persuaded to recognize that conditions as they were could not last indefinitely.

The man who exercised the most influence upon my literary work was Hamlin Garland. He was a man of the West. I had never been further west than Chicago at the time of the World's Fair in 1893. What he told me of the limitless prairie and the pioneer life of his

own experience thrilled me with joy of being an American. "Why, McCrackan," he would say with an enthusiastic look on his face, "this Atlantic Coast is a mere fringe, the real country lies out there," and he pointed westward with a gesture which settled the matter. He gave me most substantial advice in portraying scenes and atmosphere with realism. He was profoundly impressive when he talked about the hardships and injustices on the great lands in the middle west and on the approaching changes which he foresaw must come if democracy was to survive in America. I remember one day standing for a few moments with Garland on the steps of my house in Boston after one of our customary discussions about the threatening conditions and saying to him, "What do you suppose will happen to us, you and me, when the great revolution comes?"

Mr. Howells had at that time just issued his novel, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," in which social unrest was pictured with powerful strokes. I do not recall Garland's answer, except that it was not very reassuring.

It was Garland who first took me out to Dorchester to see James A. Herne, the actor and his wife and family. They too were friends of Henry George, students of Herbert Spencer and courageous investigators into social questions. Mr. Herne at that time was writing plays for the stage by which he desired to rouse the indifferent from their apathy and by which, incidentally he lost about all the money he made from his more popular plays, such as "Shore Acres." Their three little girls were a delight, each one with an individuality which was allowed to unfold spontaneously like a flower. When asked what they were going to do when they grew up, they were always quite frank and sure of the future: Julie would say that she was going to write plays. Crystal was just as certain that she was going to be an actress,

and Dorothy, the youngest, a sweet little tot of about four or five summers, who had heard her mother speak a great deal about theories of bringing up children, would announce that she was going to be a mother. So untrammelled were these children that they had hardly any self-consciousness.

I remember one occasion when Dorothy was seized with a sort of poetic fervor and asked to be heard by us all while she recited. She slipped down from her chair and looking off with a wrapt gaze spoke rhythmically for some time about birds and flowers and then demurely took her seat with an air of great satisfaction. The general conversation was then resumed by us and continued for a while, but soon Dorothy held up her hand and said, "I've got another one." Her father expostulated a little, but Dorothy once more jumped down from her chair and recited in a poetic manner about butterflies and skies, but with a certain accentuation which satisfied her completely. She resumed her seat and we supposed her poetic ardor gratified for the time, but presently she slipped down off her chair again and going to her father told him she had "another one." This time he held up his hands in mock despair and a hearty laugh went the rounds which effectually closed the charming little incident.

I well remember the first night of "Shore Acres" at the old Boston Museum. The play had been given successfully in Chicago, but there was some doubt as to whether the Boston public would appreciate it. Hamlin Garland's brother Frank was in the cast, which added to the interest. All questions as to its success were completely laid to rest when towards the end of the play something very convincing occurred. Mr. Herne, the faithful old man, heavy hearted with disappointment silently went about the kitchen fixing the range, putting

out the lights and with slow steps mounting the stairs to his bed. It was considered rather a bold bit of acting to remain so long on the stage without uttering a word and not everyone could have held the audience spell bound as Mr. Herne did. At last in the midst of the deepest silence, as Mr. Herne was about to disappear into his room at the top of the stairs, a voice rang out from the topmost gallery, "Good night, old man." There was such a genuine ring in this spontaneous call that we all felt it was certain beyond the question of dispute that the play was a success in Boston.

I went behind the scenes into the historic green room of the Museum to offer my congratulations, this being the first time as far as I could remember that I had ever gone behind the scenes in any theatre.

One of the scenic paintings in "Shore Acres" represented a point of land with a light-house upon it, the artist having painted it on general principles and not from any specific point, but the effect, in connection with the superb acting, was intensely realistic. Mr. Herne told me that while he was playing "Shore Acres" in Boston a man once stopped him on Washington Street and asked him if he was not Mr. Herne. Upon being assured that this was the case, the stranger said he was from down East, and had seen the play. He told Mr. Herne it was absolutely true to life and then added, "I was born on that p'int you have in the scene."

The group of men in Boston who were my friends had the world outlook. They were driven by the desire to right wrongs for the world, but had no special personal grievances of their own, and their attitude was therefore unselfish. Mr. Herne and his talented wife desired to use the stage in order to awaken the public to the need for reform. Hamlin Garland was hoping to reach similar results by his writings. He was all for giving litera-

ture a true American ring and breaking the leading strings of the inherited literary traditions of the old school. He was greatly interested in Walt Whitman, and especially admired and personally loved Mr. Howells. I recall the time when Mr. B. O. Flower published the first of the stories of Hamlin Garland in *The Arena*, which later appeared in his volume entitled, "Main Traveled Roads." The story was a sombre study of the desperate life on the prairie in pioneer days and was entitled "A Prairie Heroine."

My special function in this group of reformers seemed to be political reform. While I was still writing my history of Switzerland, my brother-in-law Lawson Purdy, had called my attention to a leaflet or short pamphlet issued by one of the staunchest friends of Henry George, Dr. J. Montague Levenson, which dealt with such reforms as the Referendum, the Initiative and Proportional Representation. This little reform essay stimulated my interest sufficiently to broaden my studies in Swiss institutions, for in that country I found these political procedures already in operation. In Boston I wrote and spoke frequently on the subject of the Referendum, so much so, in fact, that my friends teased me about it and called me Mr. Referendum.

Among other addresses I recall one before the Round Table Club at the home of Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts, and another before the Labor Unions in Faneuil Hall. I also spoke at hearings in the State House. There was at first very little popular information on the subject the name Referendum was quite strange, and it was generally objected that the experience of little Switzerland could have little value for our great Republic. A Boston newspaper sent a reporter to interview me on the subject of the Referendum, but my disappointment was keen when after I had talked to him for

some time about Switzerland and its ways, he asked me whether Switzerland and Sweden were not the same.

I spent one summer at Boxford, Massachusetts, on the farm of a Mr. Fowler, the stepfather of Eva Mariotti, who had come to the United States with her husband Leo Mariotti, the painter, and their little son Guido. Mr. Fowler had a remarkably history and was a remarkable man. Himself a Yankee and of Yankee ancestry, he had gone South before the Civil War, and had built up a great drygoods business in New Orleans, making yearly trips up the Arkansas River into the Indian country, and frequent trips to Paris to replenish his stock. When the Civil War broke out loyalty to the land which had given him his wealth, caused him to cast in his fortunes with the South. It was thrilling to hear him tell of his blockade running experiences, for he fitted out a vessel in England and ran her into Galveston after a series of mishaps which would have deterred any less resolute man.

Mr. Fowler had been ruined by the Civil War and had returned to the old homestead in Boxford in his advancing years to try to eke out a living from the ancestral farm. A volume might be written around his extraordinary career. Leo Mariotti, fresh from Rome in this strictly New England atmosphere was a singular figure. Of a most lovable and joyous nature, he promptly started to paint the Merrimac at Lawrence and Haverhill and the autumn foliage of New England with a fervor which was deeply interesting. The Mariottis, however, found the American experiment somewhat disappointing, and not long afterward returned to Italy, Mr. Fowler himself succumbing suddenly after a strenuous summer on the farm. His capacity for physical labor transcended anything I have ever seen of the kind.

CHAPTER XII

LIVING IN NEW YORK.

In 1894 I left Boston for New York, where several members of my family were residing. In the same apartment hotel with my mother lived Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter Winnie, the daughter of the Confederacy, as she was popularly called. Mrs. Davis and her daughter enjoyed the harp musical which my mother delighted to give. Before the Civil War and shortly after her marriage to my father my mother had visited Washington and formed the acquaintance of the Jefferson Davises, my father at that time being granted the courtesy of a presentation to the United States Supreme Court in his capacity as a lawyer from the wonderland of California.

In New York I was in closer touch with Henry George and his family than had been possible when I lived in Boston. Henry George, Jr. valiantly seconded his father's reform labor and in after years went to Congress; Richard George was a sculptor who successfully reproduced his father's head and features in bust and medallion. The great election of 1897, when the candidacy of Henry George for Mayor of New York stirred the city to its depths and his sudden death occurred on the eve of the election, was a dramatic incident of those days the true meaning of which still remains to be made clear to the world. When Father McGlynn began his funeral oration over his departed friend with the words, "There was a man sent from God and his name was Henry George," New York was shaken to its foundations, and the priest's public career was brought to an abrupt close. Henry George's public funeral was an amazing moment in the history of New York. My own share in this city election was this: I spoke once in the

cart-tail campaign on a corner of Amsterdam Avenue above 125th Street, and on election day itself watched with others at one of the local courts to see that if our voters were brought before the judge they would get a hearing and obtain justice. On October 31st, 1899, I addressed a memorial service to Henry George in the smaller auditorium of the Carnegie Building. When the election once more authorized Tammany to govern New York a veritable orgy ensued such as the city had rarely seen; the lower forces felt themselves triumphant and publicly defied those of good government.

This and similar experiences were disappointments in my life. My financial circumstances were satisfactory and I lacked nothing, my personal wants not being exacting, and I had only to forget about world problems in order to live a life of ease. It was my habit to keep well posted in regard to world events in many parts of the globe. Therefore I could not rest, the present seemed full of world injustice, the future bristling with dangers to all mankind.

I found some relaxation from these cares for the world by several trips to Europe, which were always sure to take me to some portion of the Alps. It became my ambition to write further books to cover by degrees the whole of the Alpine chain, the backbone of Europe. Out of this desire sprang my notes on Tyrol and the Italian Lakes which were later put into book form. I also journeyed eastward into Syria and Carinthia, to Vienna and as far east as Buda Pesth. I also visited my aunts at Wiesbaden and when they had definitely settled down in Baden Baden on the edge of the Black Forest I connected my visit there with a tramping tour through that district. On one occasion I was invited by a group of German reformers who corresponded in a general way to the "Single Taxers" of this United States to make an

address in Berlin on Henry George. This I did in German with great gladness in my heart to honor the memory of the man who up to that time had taught me the highest truth which I had yet received. I was not greatly attracted by the German thinkers whom I met on that occasion and promptly returned to Wiesbaden.

On another occasion finding myself at Besançon in France I recalled an invitation extended to me by two French officers to visit them whenever I traveled in their country. I had met them on board ship going to America to visit their relatives in St. Louis, for their mother was an American. They were the Comte de Nouye and his brother. The Count was a captain in the artillery and his brother a lieutenant in the infantry. When we reached New York I did my best to entertain them for a few days until they left for the West. I recall their astonishment at the great buildings, but also at the dirty streets. They could not understand that so rich a city should look so ill kept.

My return visit in France found the Count stationed at Nancy and his brother at Toul. These places were even then, in the nineties of the last century, armed centres maintained at a high rate of preparation for instant defence against German aggression. These two officers showed me what it was proper for me to see of the general preparations, so that when the Great World War of 1914 broke out suddenly I was in position to realize somewhat the military measure which had been taken.

At this same time I made a trip to nearby Domremy, the village birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc. The day was bright and sunny, the fields alive with wild flowers as I walked from the station to the village, so that the picture of the charming Lorraine country, the smoothly flowing stream, the gentle rise of the ground back of the

village and the quaint little place linger still in my thought. I was not spiritually equipped in those days to understand the career of that noble girl, so that my attempted explanation of her experiences in "Little Idyls of a Big World" no longer represents my views to-day concerning her spiritual experiences.

In preparing for my studies on "Fair Land Tyrol" I penetrated into a district on the frontier between Austria and Italy, at that time very little known because entirely off the beaten track, but since made famous by tremendous battles between the Italians and Austrians in the world war—namely, The Sette Comuni in Northern Italy where the village of Asiago is situated. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University, himself a great lover of Tyrol and familiar with my studies in Swiss history, advised me to include the Sette Comuni in my trip to Tyrol. As far as I could ascertain he and myself were among the first Americans who ever journeyed through that interesting region. On that trip I also climbed my highest snow mountain, the highest in Tyrol, the Ortler over 12,000 feet high. My acquaintance with Prof. Hart, though our meetings were never more than occasional, was an encouragement to me when working in Boston against heavy odds of conservatism. He invited me on one occasion to lecture to a post graduate class at Harvard University on certain periods of Swiss history. These two lectures or rather talks to students I remember as great treats, for I was so full of my subject that I felt I could talk on indefinitely. Prof. Hart sat in the lecture room and seemed to enjoy the occasion with me. In later years he twice introduced me when I again lectured on Christian Science to the students at Harvard University.

Among my literary and lecturing activities let me mention the following: In 1891 I wrote a number of

articles for the New York Evening Post. On February 7th, 1893, I had the pleasure of giving the boys of St. Paul's School a little talk on Switzerland in the rectory upon the invitation of Dr. Henry A. Coit. On February 13th, 1894, I lectured on a Swiss subject at Trinity College and at St. Margaret's School in Waterbury, where my brother John was teaching at the time. In 1895 I wrote an article on "Swiss Soldiers" for Youth's Companion. In 1896 I began to lecture in the course of Free Lectures to the people for the Board of Education of the City of New York. This work took me to all parts of the great city, north, south, east and west, making me thoroughly familiar with all its different aspects and supplying me with much of the local color which cropped up in certain poems, which appear in this book. I continued in this work for four years until the spring of 1900.

In 1897 I printed a special edition of "Swiss Solutions of American Problems" for the National Woman's Suffrage organization which used the pamphlet as a textbook for a while.

The closing years of the nineteenth century were signalized for me by one disappointment after another. As President of the Manhattan Single Tax Club I was forced to recognize that the world was not ready to listen to this reform, so that instead of gaining in popular estimation it was at a standstill, or even receding. The rise of William J. Bryan at one time led me to hope that he would prove to be the prophet leader who was needed, now that Henry George had died. I met Mr. Bryan at the home of his friend, Willis J. Abbot in New York, who occupied an apartment in the same house as the Purdys on 59th Street. He was eating his dinner at the time, being very much pressed, as he was to deliver his great speech in Madison Square Garden that night. All

I saw of Bryan at first was his great head and shoulders bending over the table as he sat eating his roast beef. When he turned to face me the kindly power in his face was manifest, the great jaw and unusually big mouth being especially noticeable. In after years I heard Mr. Bryan speak and had a conversation with him in Washington in November, 1914, when he was Secretary of State.

At the time of which I speak, the Spanish war obliged me to readjust my hopes in regard to social, political and economic settlements. I myself was eager to take some part in the war, but did not apply, as enlistments were greatly restricted on account of the smallness of the forces which were needed, so I put the matter out of my mind having had no military experience whatever.

In the midst of this national struggle I was haunted by the desire to express myself in verse. From 1898 to 1900 surging power took possession of me to break fetters, to express the American idea of liberty, to laugh at the limited notions of the world, to touch on redemptive hopes. I seized upon the common objects and situations I saw about me in New York and visualized them in verse, sometimes with humor and sometimes with the stroke of the hammer. The whole life of the great city took on the amusing aspect of a stage world, of an unreality which thought itself real. The skyscrapers, the Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, the Hudson, the ferryboats, the stock exchange, etc., all spoke to me in their own language. They became living things, as though they talked and confided to me their secrets.

Many phases of city life which I had never noticed before appealed to me. There was often as I wrote a certain powerful pounding sensation of verse as though my words were demolishing the old and letting in the new. The lines of verse often came to me like great

strokes battering down opposition. This was especially the case in the poems called "The Glad Hand" and "The Men of the West" which literally seemed to fell before them in my own consciousness prejudices of the old world. "The Men of the West" was not published until twenty years after in the Chicago papers, on the occasion of an address I delivered there in behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan. There did not fail also, notes of tenderness and spiritual exaltation in my verse, but the uncompromising directness in them was probably most pronounced.

When I had collected a goodly number I showed them to Hamlin Garland, who urged me to go on, feeling that I had struck a new note, and wrote me, "My Dear McCrackan: I think you've hit upon something characteristic in these Glad Hand verses,—'Stock Exchange,' 'Towers of Trade' and the like, where the half-serious, half jocular note of American brag comes out. 'Jobs' is another quaint notion. I think a book very original—full of American humor and irreverence,—can come out of this vein you are working. Keep jotting them down and then work them over carefully—not *too* carefully—to preserve the curious quality they now have and you'll make a hit. Yours as ever, Hamlin Garland, Jan. 29/1900."

At this time also I wrote a short novel, dealing with the New York of the nineties of the last century and bringing out especially the conflict which raged around Henry George and his reform movement. This novel I never published.

During these soul-agitated years I became for a time a contributor to a New York weekly, called *The Criterion*, in which I expressed my pronounced opinions in a way to stir the complacent public, if it read what I wrote.

Since the appearance of my history of Switzerland I

had been a member of the American Historical Association, then in 1895 I became a member of the Authors' Club in New York which has delightful rooms in the Carnegie Building at Seventh Avenue and 56th Street. There it was that I learned to know Bronson Howard, the playwright, one of the founders of the club and one of its most genial members, Professor Boyesen of Columbia College, Edward Eggleston, Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker-poet, Professor Giddings of Columbia College, Will N. Harben, Rossitor Johnson, Oscar S. Straus, former ambassador to Turkey, Stephen Henry Thayer, Calvin Thomas of Columbia College, and our own greatly beloved Henry Van Dyke. My former college mate at Trinity, Edward S. VanZile had proposed me for the club. For a term I acted as chairman of the House Committee making all arrangements for the weekly suppers and generally familiarizing myself with the tastes and desires of the members. Some pleasant hours were spent and many interesting acquaintances were made in The Authors' Club.

I remember especially one evening when Mr. Howells came to a meeting which the Club had called to consider Zola's splendid defence of Dreyfus. Joseph Jefferson also dropped in occasionally. I heard him tell an anecdote one evening concerning a certain dramatic paper in old New York. This paper, he said, led a precarious existence and occasionally suspended publication for months at a time without any explanation being offered to its subscribers. But once this paper ceased to appear for a whole year and when it reappeared the need of some sort of an explanation was obvious. The editor therefore stated, "A year ago we suspended publication for want of funds, and now we resume publication for the same reason."

Another evening comes to my mind when Du Maurier's "Trilby" was the sensation of the day, and a group

of friends sat late into the morning hours discussing this novel with my friend William Ordway Partridge as the central figure, who was very insistent that the book was ephemeral, without permanent value.

I am grateful to the Authors' Club for many kindly hospitable gatherings. It has furnished a great number of ambassadors and ministers from the United States to foreign countries, and has entertained many noted men of letters and diplomats who have visited New York. My services on the House Committee were gladly rendered.

These *fin de siècle* experiences in New York were suddenly broken by distressing news from abroad. A cable from Baden Baden announced that my Aunt Lottie had suddenly died there and that my Aunt Mary was dangerously ill. The ever faithful Nellie Simpkin had hurried from Interlaken to their bedsides and promptly notified us of the conditions. It was at once agreed that my sister and I should take the next steamer in order to reach Baden Baden at the earliest possible moment. We sailed on the fastest steamer available, and were actually in Baden Baden within a week from the date of leaving New York.

Aunt Mary was still living and recovering under lovable care and good nursing. It devolved upon me to carry out the necessary formalities connected with the death of Aunt Lottie and to bury the remains side by side with those of grandmother McCrackan in the cemetery at Bern, Switzerland. Shortly after I returned to America leaving my brother John, who came from his pastorate in Munich to take charge of Aunt Mary.

As I neared the shores of my own land again I was conscious of entering upon a new chapter in my life. In some sort of way the old had been left behind, therefore I was ready for a great change which I dimly apprehended would be fundamental and satisfying. What

would it be? I knew not exactly but I was certain it would point the way to some universal remedy for the world's woes and I was ready to listen and obey the call when it came.

As the steamer entered New York harbor the thought of that first home-coming in 1878 came to mind. There was the Statue of Liberty, now fully equipped upon its great pedestal, the sign and symbol of the new world. Yes, the new solution which I forefelt rather than foresaw would be symbolized by the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, it would bring a complete liberty. If it was what I hoped it would be, it would deliver from every manner of injustice and tyranny; it would be universally applicable and universally available, and it would liberate woman as well as man and prove the protector of little children. Great expectation arose in my thought, great promptings of love thronged into my heart. It was here in America that the world solution would be found, in this new land of few traditions and fewer settled habits of the past, unhampered by too much precedent, vigorous, fresh, spontaneous and ready to try all things and see whether they be good. Liberty I felt would break the crust of materiality; the atmosphere of freedom would purify all endeavors and pervade every activity with a wholesome joy; the only necessity would be that of being happy in obedience to truth which would render man prosperous, alert, keen of perception, able to master all obstacles, victorious and merry, with fearlessness.

As I saw New York Harbor that day, the sky-scrapers reared their heads along the water front. Before I finished with the custom house the afternoon was settling upon the city. The monster buildings were ablaze with electric lights, for the business men had not yet gone home. Only the outlines of the buildings stood out against the sky, wherein the lights were blinking and

twinkling. Every now and then an elevator shot up or down in the half darkness, like a comet. The cool air drew a smell of salt from the water. Sea gulls rested on the breeze, or swooped down on the tide line. These birds were like white symbols of the coming night. Sloops, lighters, steamboats and ferry-boats crossed and recrossed. Deep, booming whistles sounded through the gathering shadows of dusk.

Not Babylon with her hanging gardens, not Rome in her psychological moment of empire, nor Venice in the day of her Asiatic commerce, could have looked more fantastic and fanciful than this cut-and-dried, matter-of-fact New York looked that late afternoon. For a counterpart it would have been necessary to ransack fairyland, and like fairyland itself, the sky-scrapers would have been found to be the result of a flight of the imagination. They were towers of trade, erected by a superb American courage. They were shells apparently without souls, but mind conceived them before they were built. If unseen mind could perform these material marvels, then great reforms, reposing upon unseen liberty, on loving kindness, friendship, compassion, on the unseen qualities of eternal good, could rear a new edifice, a new city or state, a new world.

The old nineteenth century was waning, the new one was dawning.

CHAPTER XIII

POEMS.

Written at various times between 1898 and 1900.

THE GLAD HAND.

(Appeared in Everybody's Magazine April, 1919.)

Here's to the man in the engine-room!
And here's to the toiling masses!
Here's to the girl at the kitchen range!
And here's to the lower classes!

My hand to the waiting longshoreman,
To the dripping, cursing crew,
To the clinking, clanking ferryman,
To the Gentile and the Jew.

Heh to the gripman! Heh to the guard!
Heh to the cop on his beat!
The laboring man who digs the trench!
And him who sweeps the street!

Here's to the farmhand hoeing the corn!
The miner sinking the shaft!
Here's to the housesmiths pounding the sky
And here's to the latest craft!

An "If you please" and a kind "Good day"
To the girl who sells in the store.
Good cheer to her who serves me at lunch,
And to her who scrubs the floor.

My thanks to all who watch at night,
Or work on Sundays, too.
And you, the women who cook their meals,
My heart goes out to you.

Here's to the poor in the sweating shops!
Here's to their stifling nights!
Here's to those whom greed has robbed!
Here's to their getting their rights!

Here's to my brother, the broken bum!
And here's to the girl gone wrong!
And here's to all the refuse of men,
The miserable, destitute throng!

For they who hunger and thirst shall know
The Lord of creation and birth.
So here's my hand to the common men,
For they shall inherit the earth.

THE MEN OF THE WEST.

The men of the West come galloping down to the sea,
To rattle the decadent East with the whoop of the free,
They come from the Rockies and prairies, they come
from the Lakes,
To trample the tyrants and whip political fakes.

So here's to the men of the West who are fresh from the
sod!
They know they are right, for they sit in the saddle of
God.

I hear them a-riding along to quicken the race,
To bring the nation to flower, and liven the pace,
To weld the peoples in one and bury the dead,
To save the white and the black, the yellow and red.

Hail! pioneers, that are picked in the struggle for life,
We have waited for you to begin,—so now to the strife.
And here's to the men of the West who are fresh from the
sod!
They know they are right, for they sit in the saddle of
God!

FATHER MOUNTAIN, MOTHER EARTH.

Father Mountain, Father Mountain!
What's that you see on high?
My child, I see your Mother Earth,
Your Mother Earth see I.

Father Mountain, Father Mountain!
What's that you hear on high?
My child, I hear your Mother Earth,
I hear her sob and sigh:

The children of men are at war again; nor will they
understand.
They fight each other for standing room. They waste
their common land.

She sheds her pitying tears for all in many soothing rains;
The water courses seam her sides, but men destroy the
plains.

Father Mountain, Father Mountain!
What's that you taste on high?
My child, I taste her tears of salt,
Because her children die:

Her lilac levels teem with wealth; a million flowers bloom;
The pools, like jewels, stud her folds,—yet men will fight
for room.

The clouds must trail their shadows still, and tree lines
hide her scars,—
Though gold and diamonds lie beneath, and up above the
stars.

Father Mountain, Father Mountain!
What's that you feel on high?
My child, I feel your Mother Earth
Grow cold and hard and dry:

She blames the foolish children of men, her bounty is
meant for all,

But the greedy have sworn to take their fill, so the poor
and weak must fall.

She fain would teach them justice first, then bid them do
the right.

—God grant them perfect brotherhood, and eyes to see
the Light.

BROADWAY.

Way down in Bowling Green
I learn to toe the mark,
I dip my feet in the bay
And lose my head in the Park.

Good-bye, O quiet spot!
So 'long, O smell of salt!
I shan't get any rest
Till Harlem calls a halt.

Ah, why am I a street
Where people buy and sell?

I want to be a road
And with the Hayseeds dwell!

*Move up forward,
Hear the gong,
Step up lively,
Push along.*

At first I'm just a cañon
Where buildings fence me in,
They're mostly bare outside
But full of gold within.

I reach a spire and street
And watch their little games.
It's Trinity Church and Wall
That call each other names.

*Move up forward,
Hear the gong,
Step up lively,
Push along.*

I pass the City Hall,
My bones begin to crack;
For lines of trolley cars
Crop up and down my back.

If I am very good
And bear my heavy load,
When I get out of town
I'll be a country road.

Then come hotels and shows,
Apartments by the Park
Where all the rooms are light,
But most of them are dark.

Ah, why am I a street?
My heart for nature sighs,
I want to be a road
And feel the open skies.

I want to see the trees,
To hear the birdies sing,
I want to smell the grass
And make the forest ring.

If I am very good
And bear my heavy load,
Perhaps I'll go to heaven
And be a country road.

(Appeared in Everybody's Magazine, May, 1919.)

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Manhattan; That's the song I sing,
And Brooklyn hears my voice,
For I'm the span that makes them one,
The biggest bridge that's under the sun.

I'm hung all over with harness of steel,
My shoulders are strapped to the ground.
My belt is buckled and tightly laced,
I've hardy room to breathe at the waist.

The tide of the sea flows down below,
The tide of man above.
Ah! shuffling feet and anxious eyes,
For many will fall while some may rise.

A street and a stair, strung up in the air,
And none to shake them down.
With one foot here, I'm watch and ward;
And one foot there, I straddle the ford.

The boats of the Sound crawl underneath,
The proudest men-o-war.
I taste their smoke and feel their throb,
I hear them rumble and hear them sob.

The ferryboats look like waterbugs,
The trollies hum like bees.
The cable is pounding between the rails
That carry the crowd and carry the mails.

At last the night comes up from the east,
And silver lights the bay.
The crowd will rush, and some will fall,
And I'm the one to carry them all.

Then hail to the cities on either hand!
Flying their flags of steam,

For I'm the span that makes them one,
The biggest bridge that's under the sun.

LADY LIBERTY.

The sea-gulls are my only friends,
They brush my cheek and peck my hand.
And nothing that I do offends,
For somehow *they* can understand.

By day I'm made to raise my arm,
At night I'm told to wave a star.
I watch the sea for signs of harm,
To light the ships across the bar.

But bless the fog from up the Sound!
When no one's looking, then I dance.
The sea-gulls shriek and soar around,
And then I know I'm "Made in France!"

THE FERRYBOAT.

Now come, Suburbanites!
And fill my bulging sides.
We'll scrunch the thickest ice,
And plow the strongest tides.

I'm big and broad and squat,
A floating house on wheels,
A sea-saw beam on top,
A churning pair of heels.

My middle is meant for trucks,
My sides for "Ladies" and "Gents."
Lest people should want to drown,
I keep an accordeon fence.

The pilot pulls the string,
And gives a joyful toot.
My voice is like a bull,
When other boats salute.

Then, when I reach the slip,
Don't run and think you're late,
But keep your hands and feet
Off that accordeon gate.

I strike the squeaking boards,
Look out for the usual bump!
A rattle of chains is heard,
And you're off with a skip and a jump.

THE HUDSON.

I rise in the Adirondacks,
With a whoop to wake the dead,
Way up in "The Tear of the Clouds."
I tumble out of my bed.

*With here a swirl,
And there a swish,
I'm American-born,
And I do as I wish.*

I'm going south to be married,
Way down in the arms of the Sea,
I'm a tumbling girl of the mountains,
But a stately bride to be.

The shores stretch out their hands,
The hills stoop down to meet,
I dodge and skurry along
The rising tide to greet.

*With here a push,
And there a squeeze,
I'm American born,
And I do as I please.*

So these are the slow canals,
And that the city of Troy,
You funny flotillas of grain,
Ho heh there! Ship ahoy.

I'll take you on my breast,
You come through Lake Champlain,
I'll touch the great North West,
And you shall make the chain.

And you, O Catskill Mountains,
O Mountains of the Skies,
Spread out your orange sunsets
Where Rip Van Winkle lies.

I pass the battles of Indians,
 I pass the names of the Dutch,
 But it isn't the things of the past
 I'm thinking about so much:

For I'm going south to be married,
 Way down in the arms of the Sea,
 I may be a tumbling torrent,
 But a stately river to be.

*I break the nets,
 I scatter the fish,
 I'm American born
 And I do as I wish!*

Good-bye, O Palisades!
 So 'long your basalt sides!
 And ho to little Alpine!
 Way up above the tides.

Farewell, great tomb of Grant!
 Farewell Columbia College!
 For life must conquer death,
 And love is better than knowledge.

Between the summer and winter,
 Between the heat and cold,
 Between the green and white,
 Are the bridal days of gold!

I rose in the Adirondacks,
 A mountain was my nurse,
 And now I'm the Bride of the Sea,
 For better or for worse!

THE WEDDING.

The day that the Hudson girl married the Sea,
 A flock of us gulls flew ahead in the spray.
 We scattered the sea-weed over the route;
 And shooed all the tugs and the lighters away.

The wedding was held on a marvellous scale;
 For Liberty promised to act as the maid,
 The span of the Brooklyn Bridge was to bless,
 And make all the forts of the bay serenade.

The boroughs she called to be witnesses all,
And thousands of ships to be full of her whims,
The custom house clerk to take the big fee,
And all of us gulls to sing the old hymns.

So now we don't care if we travel by day,
Or wait on the water asleep in the night.
We'll follow the tide line, go where it may,
And balance our wings in the great solar light.

THE SKYSCRAPER

*My bones are steel,
My skin is stone,
Manhattan! Manhattan!
An earthquake alone
Can make me reel,
Manhattan! Manhattan!*

My belt is a cornice bold,
I'm a giant in height and girth
I'm whooping, howling monument,
The Biggest Thing on earth.

By ferry, L, and car,
They come by land and sea,
And I tuck them all away somewhere
In the marble inside of me.

Up town is Central Park,
And north the Palisades,
To east and west the sweating shops,
In the middle the various trades.

*My feet are rock,
I scrape the sky,
Manhattan! Manhattan!
I'm proud to be called
A chip o' thy block,
Manhattan! Manhattan!*

We're a motley lot of tops,
With towers doing stunts,
We've sunk the churches out of sight
And lost the brownstone front.

We darken the streets below ;
We make a draught between,
The little buildings crane their necks,
In hopes of being seen !

Our dues are a million dollars,
Which only a few can pay.
We vote them in for a thousand years,
And rest on Labor day.

My belt is a cornice bold,
I'm a giant in height and girth,
I'm a whooping, howling monument,
The Biggest Thing on earth.

GREATER NEW YORK

Watch me whip the world !
See me shoot the stars !
I'd like to reach up just for fun
And place a mortgage on the sun !

Biggest show on earth—
Careful not to brag—
And if I seem a little proud,
It's 'cause I draw the largest crowd.

Love to pat myself,
Love to throw bouquets.
I'm tons of this and miles of that,
With politics to fry the fat !

Got an awful thirst—
Need a watershed.
It takes a million quarts of milk
To keep my babies fine as silk.

Chuck the biggest bluff,
Wear the biggest hat.
For half the time I'm drunk with pride,
The other half I'm open wide !

Churches by the bunch,
Money-bags to burn,
With charities to lend a hand
And colleges to beat the band !

Only place for art,
Literary shop,
With bric-à-brac in every home,
And gilt galore on every dome!

Leading seaboard town!
Great Me-Tro-Po-Lis!
Because I've got the fattest purse,
I hope to run the universe.

Lots of bonded debt,
Lots of gold to lend.
My banks are always safe and sound,
While bullion bricks are carted round!

Then whoop it up for me!
And bring your savings here!
Invest your pennies, nickels, dimes,
A million, billion, trillion times!

TOWERS OF TRADE

Towers of trade! Towers of trade!
The men who built you were not afraid!

Skeleton-steel flung up to the stars,
Marvels to men in the planet Mars!

Art and luxury trained to towers,
Hanging gardens with iron flowers!

Block on block and bridge on end,
Trestle and terrace none can bend.

Dragon crest and hissing tongue!
Business head and brazen lung!

Puffing smoke in the face of heaven,
Open at six and dark at seven.

Lonely nights and hustling days,
Fog and snow and summer haze,

First to greet the rising sun,
Last to see the day's work done.

Ah! needles and pins sticking the sky!
The greed of men drives you so high!

As standing room grows less below,
You stretch up slim and learn to grow.

So trees on sunless mountain grade
Compete and strain to leave the shade.

THE FIRE-PROOF BUILDING

I'm a Life Insurance Building;
And sixteen stories high;
My style Italian renaissance,—
I don't know exactly why.

I'm of modern steel construction,
And built for fireproof.
I must be worth a million or two,
From basement floor to roof.

To-day I'm black in the face!
To-day an object of pity!
But awfully proud I saved the block,
And maybe I saved the city.

Those five low floors next door,
That hardly came up to my knees
That mean little box of matches on fire,
It poured its flame on me!

I waved my plume of steam!
I stood my ground like a man!
But the flames shot up my central shaft,
And the crackle and roar began!

I spat the sparks to the stars!
A torch for Greater New York,—
For the driven flames were licking their food
With blast and sheet and fork.

They lighted the crowd to the show,
I heard the jeers of joy!
The firemen worked with nozzle and hose,
To save what they couldn't destroy.

The firemen worked with a will,
But do what they could to my top,

My beautiful balcony crumbled away,
My loggia's ready to drop.

The smoke has put out my eyes,
I've reached the end of my ditty.
But I'm awfully glad I saved the block,
And maybe I saved the city.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

A china shop for bulls!
A pit for dancing bears!
A pen for shearing sheep!
A market-place for shares!

Telephone up to the firm for advice,
Jump at your man and give him a price,
Quiver with hope and tremble with fear,
Hold up a finger and howl in his ear.

Toss in a fortune and watch for a chance,
Prance like an Indian, cut up a dance,
Scramble and scream and keep up the pace,
Weak in the knees and red in the face.

Put a silk hat on the back of your head,
Shout with the others, hear what is said.
"Messenger, here, as quick as you can!"
"Telegram, please, for that rich Mister Man."

They're selling the things they haven't yet got
And buying of others what others have not,
The women are spending the money up town,
The turn of a ticker will get a new gown.

Papers and letters and blanks everywhere,
Tear them in pieces, fill up the air,
Make a big blizzard, driving with rage,
Make a big snow as they do on the stage.

Come to this amateur circus of clowns,
See how the maelstrom sucks up and drowns.
Hear how the howling Dervishes sing,
Pay your respects here, where Paper is King.

Crazy-quilt chaos and cock-fight in one!
Raving and Ranting, business and fun!

When they get through, no money was spent,
For what did they do? Why, they borrowed and lent.

A china shop for bulls!
A pit for dancing bears!
A pen for shearing sheep!
A market-place for shares!

SPRING IN THE PARK

I seen the spring in the park!
I seen it come for fair!
The boids is gettin' gay,
The squirrels losin' hair.

The woollies is eatin' the lawn,
The fattest whatever I seed,
And every mother among 'em
Has a cute little sucker to feed.

I seen a cop and a jay
What swiped a bud from a tree.
Keep off the grass, it is soft,
But the asphalt walk, it is free.

The lion is walkin' his cage,
And roarin' to bust of a lung.
The deers is a peelin' their horns,
The polar bear's a hangin' his tongue

They're fixin' the Lover's Walk.
The carrousel is grindin' a tune,
And each little goil is willin' 'to bet,
That she'll be the May Queen soon!

THE TRAMP IN UNION SQUARE

I felt the Sodom side of the town;
Where men take bribes aind women go down,
It made me sadder, older and grey,
I tell you, I've suffered the horrors to-day.

I met a tramp and studied the type,
I called him brother, and filled his pipe,
He told me his troubles and showed me the way
To face and master my devils to-day.

I struck a match and gave him a light;
 He won't have to sleep in the park to-night.
 I went up town, and my heart was gay;
 For the tramp had shooed my horrors away.

JOBS

The Reporter.

Somebody's married to-day,
 Sorry I can't take "no,"
 I've got to look at the presents upstairs,
 And write up the bridal trousseau.

Must make a living, you know.

Somebody's died in this house,
 Sorry I can't take "no,"
 I've got to feel of the family pulse,
 An feature the chamber of woe.

Must make a living, you know.

Baby was born in the night,
 Sorry I can't take "no,"
 I've got to call on the lady at once,
 And hear how the infant do crow.

Must make a living, you know.

Somebody's gone to the dogs,
 Sorry I can't take "no,"
 I've got to get at the actual facts,
 Or make up the facts as I go.

Must make a living, you know.

The Feeing System

I'm told there are places right here in town,
 Where waiters must pay to wait;
 They pay for a chance to get paid their pay,
 —How's that for a white man's fate?

The Book Agent

Read the name from off the plate,
 Say it over, get it straight.

Hide your book and look a dude,
Say you hope you don't intrude.

Beg to have an *in-ter-view*,
Don't stop talking till you're through.

Make her think you know a friend,
Whip your book out, don't offend.

Have her sign for all she's worth,
Call again and claim the earth.

The Sales Lady

Bargain days are bad,
Challenge sales are worse,
But Christmas wears me out
And doesn't fill my purse.

Marking down the price,
Tying up to send,
Or shouting down the tube,
And calling up a friend.

Many women ask
Just to make pretend,
They feel and pull and shop
With not a cent to spend.

Early hours and late!
Wages sweet and low!
We're glad to get the crust;
—The firm will get the dough.

*With a "cash, cash" here,
And a "cash, cash" there,
And here a "cash," there a "cash,"
And here and there a "cash!"*

THE ALTAR-PIECE

An altar painting of a girl;
American girl with angel's wings,
Tall and slim as Americans are.
Come and hear the word she brings.

No Fra Angelico angel this,
But only a girl with a human heart;
Only a modern American girl,
Bursting old traditions of art.

Her brow triumphant, serious, glad;
Composite picture of many types;
White on gold against the wall,
Hear the voice in the organ pipes.

"I cry aloud for equal power,
To do my work and take my place,
The share the good God promised me,
To be myself and help the race.

My heart is true, my wings are false;
My flesh shall die, my soul endure;
The time has come to take my part;
And make salvation double sure.

I need the chance to make mistakes;
The right to fail and try anew,
For some are wise and some must learn.
—Ah! preachers many, prophets few!

Then let me choose my standing place,
Free to cast my wings aside;
Free to rise and free to fall,
Till Love I find and there abide."

TO THE ORGAN

What time my soul communes with thine,
The world apart, in whispers fine,
A golden rest is mine.
It seems as though in thee were stored,—
Ay, in those pipes and their accord—
The glories of the Lord.

For once—it seemed by chance—I found,
Slow idling with luxurious sound,
A concord, vast and round.
Ah me! it bared the end of space;
And there at last I learned to trace
The circle of God's grace.

GOD WATCHES OVER HIS OWN

Sleep on, white souls, to-night
 Your dreamless portion of peace!
 The storm that raged has blown:
 —God watches over His own.

The tide beats in and out;
 The shade creeps west and east;
 But the purple clouds have flown:
 —God watches over His own.

With me is the failing lamp;
 Outside the falling leaf;
 And what if I be alone?
 —God watches over His own.

Sleep on, white souls, to-night!
 Sleep on in perfect peace!
 For Love sits on the throne
 In the upper, upmost zone;
 —God watches over His own.

THE CALM OF THE SOUND

This day, dissolved in dreams! Speak not the word
 To jar its moorings from the Land Unheard.
 The calm has wiped the blue from off the Sound;
 The schooners lie as though they stood aground.
 So wait awhile, let be
 The sky, the sea,
 And you and me.

Those islands, lifted from the curving deep
 Hush, lest they fall, somnambulists asleep.
 The porpoise roll, and sea gulls sit at ease;
 And schools of fish play make believe a breeze.
 But we, we sing and lie;
 The sea, the sky,
 And you and I.

This is no time for song of tackle, jerk of boom,
 For friendly gurgle from the rudder's gloom.
 To-day is brooding void and waste adrift;
 To-day is introspection, silent shrift;

To-day shall make us free ;
 The sky, the sea,
 And you and me.

Look off with eyes, that see not, but divine
 Where sea and sky are met in single line.
 Beyond the utmost edge your pride shall fall
 And there a Voice that is not self shall call ;
 "Let false ambitions die !
 And futile senses lie."
 Oh placid sea and sky !

You have your peace and glad repose, your power,
 The Kingdom of your choice, your full-paid dower.
 Who walks upon transparent seas is free
 To love and understand and really be.
 Then rise and rising fly
 Beyond the sea and sky
 Oh blessed you and I !

MY FRIEND BROWN

I'd rather sail with Brown,
 Be the wind from north or south,
 For he doesn't talk at the tiller,
 And he doesn't sail with his mouth.

He knows each knot and splice,
 He knows each buoy and rock,
 But he doesn't brag of his knowledge
 And he doesn't sail on the dock.

While some complain of the grub,
 And others *will* scold at the heat,
 I'd rather sail with Brown,
 If it's only to trim the sheet.

He doesn't care for the weather,
 And he's awful good to his mother !
 —I'd rather sail with Brown
 Than own a yacht with another !

ADVICE TO SEA-GULLS

Sweep and scour the bay,
 "White Wings" of the sea ;

Pick the tide line clean and blue,
For the *Water's* free.

Swoop around the ship,
Circle off to lee,
Catch the broken bits that fall,
For the *air* is free.

TO A SEA-GULL ON THE WING

Go, lie upon the cushioned air,
And float at ease against the singing breeze.
Go, soar and cut the skies with scissor-wings,
Or, dip and scour the vagrant seas!

I feel your flight of balanced wings;
The subtile ether touch and stroke your sides;
Tumultuous whispers hurtle through mine ears,
To skim, like you, the fragrant tides.

Or hover, poised in the gale,
Or ride triumphant on the breasted wave,
So I may learn to use the powers that be,
And thus myself grow white and brave.

For soon the perfect time may come,
To wrap the fluid air about mine arms,
When neither sin nor weakness hinders more,
Nor any fear of death alarms.

Then wait, sweet bird of sea and sky,
What time my purged self shall rise and dare
To float at ease against the singing breeze,
And lie upon the cushioned air.

AMERICAN AMALGAM

Throw your metals in the pan,
Start the fire and mix the mass,
Fill it full of Keltic gold,
Add some Anglo-Saxon brass.

Heap it up with German silver,
Stir the whole with equal rights,
Throw in bits of Gallic copper
Till you see the acid bites.

Skim the top of all its scum,
 Purge the mixture clear as glass,
 Brush away each vested wrong,—
 Still you've got your Saxon brass.

SOMETHING STRANGE AND NEW

Not the Saxon plus the Kelt,
 Not the Latin plus the Slav,
 Not the Gentile plus the Jew,
 But a something strange and new.

Not a mere mechanic mess,
 But an elemental change,
 Not a mixture, but a brew,
 And a something strange and new.

Scottish thrift and Irish wit,
 French good cheer and English grit,
 Make the product good and true,
 And a something strange and new.

THE SOLUTION

Give me a chance to strangle want,
 Before it come to birth,
 Give me a place to stand upon
 And I will shake the earth.

FEAR NOTHING

Fear nothing, freedom least of all.
 If wrongs appear, then blame the fears of men.
 The laws of God will prove a wall.
 They stand in stone, write with His pen.

HOLD FAST

The good cause will win,
 The noble side will gain,
 For Love must blot out sin,
 And health will laugh at pain
 The Lord of hosts has heard,
 The hand of God will mend,
 Way back He gave His Word,
 He'll keep it to the end.

He'll crush the brood of snakes
He'll stop the sinful whim,
He'll stay the hand that breaks
Lose not your faith in Him.

HOMES

The Hotel

Monstrous pile of Song and Dance!
Alpine peak that's planned in France!

Big barbaric music-box!
Jewel-case with jim-crack locks!

Palace, club, boudoir and bar!
Vanity Fair and carnival car!

The Tenement

Nobody knows who lives up-stairs,
Nobody asks, so nobody cares.

Somebody's born, or somebody dies,
Nobody's happy, nobody sighs.

Poor little patter of innocent feet,
What will you do, when you get in the street?

HOUSING THE POOR

Building nests for birds,
Scratching holes for hares,
Choosing sites for spawning beds,
Digging dens for bears.

Fish and flesh and fowl
Can house themselves the best,
Then let us all possess the earth,
And we will do the rest.

GIVING WORK

Was't you who said giving work
Was such a thing to do?
Say, look-a-here, you funny man,
I want a word with you.

Now, what is there in work itself
That makes it such a treat?
It isn't work we're looking for,
But things to wear and eat!

Man tries to get at what he needs
With just the least of toil,
So what's the use of making work
And locking up the soil?

Old Mother Earth holds all we want,
Just let us get at her!
Just let the word go out she's free,
And see the people stir!

Hear the wages climbing up!
Hear the rents come down!
Hear the builders building homes
All around the town!

So you think it's work we want?
And I say it's land.
Even money has no pull
When we've room to stand.

Perhaps you meant it just for fun,
You funny, funny man!
This talk of giving others work
Is such a funny plan.

THE MAN IN OVERALLS

I'm just a man in overalls,
But quite as good as you.
I'm sorry for the awful rich
And for the privileged few.

I'm sorry for the howling swells,
They have to dress so much.
I'm sorry for the ministers,
They keep so out of touch.

I'm sorry for society men,
They work so hard for fun,
What things you see when out for a walk!
Oh, "Johnnie, get your gun!"

FEAR NOTHING

Fear nothing, freedom least of all,
If wrongs appear, then blame the beliefs of sense;
The laws of God will prove a wall.
They stand in storm and serve for our defence.
(Sentinel Vol. VII, p. 622)

JUSTICE

Keep step, my brothers, hail the glorious fray!
Together march to purify to-day!
All for each, and each for all,
And love decrees that none shall fall.
(Sentinel Vol. VII, p. 469)

HOLD FAST

The cause of good shall win,
The side of right shall gain,
For love must blot out sin,
And health will laugh at pain.

The Lord of Hosts has heard,
The hand of God will mend,
Far back He gave His word,
He'll keep it to the end.

He'll check the fever's throb,
He'll stop the sinful whim.
He'll stay the hands that rob.
Lose not your faith in Him.
(Sentinel Vol. VII, p. 37.)

JUSTICE

Keep step, my brothers, hail the glorious fray!
Together march to reach the glorious day!
All for each, and each for all,
And heaven decrees that none shall fall!

The times are softly marking off the years!
The mills of God are grinding out the years!
Justice now, and freedom then,
And Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!

CHAPTER XIV

ANCESTRAL SKETCH

Ancestral data as a rule make dry reading, and so I have placed this chapter by itself as the last in my book. Fortunately, however, in looking up my ancestors I find that they were great travellers and had some lively experiences which may be of interest to the reader.

My Grandfather William McCrackan came to this country from Glenluce, Scotland in 1767 and settled in New Haven, Connecticut. In 1772 he married Sarah Miles in that city. They had eleven children. He and his son William McCrackan 2d were treasurers of Trinity Episcopal church on the Green for fifty-six years consecutively.

In 1845 a certain Charles Bostwick drew a plan of Chapel Street in New Haven as he remembered it to have been in 1786. A house and store of William McCrackan appear on the left hand side of Chapel Street about halfway between State and Church Streets. The present Orange Street flanks the side of the house nearest Church Street. My grandfather died in New Haven on July 3rd, 1809, aged 74 and his wife in the same year. His estate was appraised at \$17,681.73. Obituary notices appeared in the Connecticut Journal (Yale Library) and Connecticut Herald of July 11th, 1809; the same newspapers also recorded the death of his wife.

Apparently William and John McCrackan his brother had a dry goods store in Hartford also, according to an advertisement in the Hartford Courant of September 1st, 1800. His son William McCrackan and his son-in-law Nathan Smith of New Haven, later United States Senator from Connecticut, were appointed Trustees of the estate. Nathan Smith married William McCrackan's sister, Sarah; their children were Rev. Cornelius B.

Smith who baptized me, Florence Smith who married Peter V. Quick of New York, and Alexander Mackay-Smith, at one time rector of St. John's Episcopal parish in Washington, D. C. and later Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania.

In Vol. 50 of New Haven deeds, p. 275, there is a record dated July 23, 1801 and signed by my great grandfather in which he manumits a negro woman, Peg, described as a slave for life. Vol. 52, p. 414, shows that he set free another slave, Margaret Butler.

My grandfather, William McCrackan 2nd continued his father's business in New Haven and took up the office of Treasurer of Trinity Church.

In 1828 he undertook a voyage to Europe which he described in a journal now in my possession, entitled, "A Journal of William McCrackan with some Observation in a Voyage to Europe in the Years 1828 and 1829." He sailed from New York on a regular packet ship, the Henry, on November 5th, 1828 for Havre, France. This European journey was still in the time of the sailing vessel and the travelling coach, and so had features of special novelty from the standpoint of the modern traveller. From Havre my grandfather travelled by carriage to Rouen, Paris and Marseilles, then took ship for Naples, returning northward by way of Rome, Perugia, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Genoa, and Turin to Geneva (at that time a little semi-independent republic). His descriptions of these cities and of his journal are minute and in the form of a diary. From Genoa he travelled back to Paris by way of Dijon.

On the occasion of this second visit to Paris he called on General Lafayette who was residing in Paris at that time, still taking some part in French affairs and the special object of admiration for every patriotic American.

In making extracts from this journal I have retained the phonetic spelling of my grandfather just as it appears, as characteristic of the man and the times. The handwriting is perfectly clear although nearly a century old.

On June 2, 1829 there is the following entry in the Journal:

“2d—Today I went by appointment to visit Genl Layfiett he received me with great apparent interest and good feeling he made many enquirys about New Haven & his friend Mr. Hillhouse & said our good city was one of the most beautiful places he had ever seen he invited me to attend his swary (soiree) on Tuesday evening a party he (gives) regularly every week after sitting with him some time hearing his enthusiastic feeling of America I left with a promise to see him in the evening was introduced by Mr. Bradford an American—went next to see the Kings Library & then to the Chamber of Debitys (Deputies) haveing a permit for the purpose The building is in the form of a Grecan Temple very handsome the interior is plain but neat the form is that of an amphitheater. The Ros-trum where the Presidents seat is very much elevated & fronting him is a place where each speaker is obliged to mount when he addresses the House I spent nearly two hours at the sitting a very good order appeared & was preserved Genl Layfiett is a member the number of debytys is about 400 any person paying a tax of Sixty Dollars to the government is permitted to vote, the House of Peers are chosen by the crown consisting of the Nobility & their sitting is entirely privet. The people appear well satisfied with the Government property is well protected was told the President of the Chamber of Debytys Roger Collard was a liberal very much respected for his talent & in the evening had the

pleasure of attending Genl Layfielt' party found a great croud the General introduced me to his daughter, the refreshments were light cakes—whisky Punch & wine, left about 11 o'clock found a number of Americans Mr. & Mrs. Robbins & Mr. Hicks of New York, the party was conducted much in the same style & manner as at home."

Other incidents recorded in this journal which may be of interest are the following: In Naples my grandfather met his brother John McCrackan, who was also travelling in Europe at the time and had just arrived from Rome. This brother could interpret for him and was therefore doubly welcome.

At a gala performance in the famous theatre of San Carlo my grandfather mentions seeing the King and Queen of Naples of those days and no less than ten of their children.

On January 26th, 1829, the two brothers William and his brother John McCrackan climbed Mt. Vesuvius. Of this experience the journal states, "It was truly the most grand sight I ever beheld, the fire & the noise emitting from the small cone inside the grand Crator was such as to make one tremble the flame rushing out & the burst of Volcanic matter making a report like a heavy discharge of Guns we stood with wonder & astonishment for a long time, the light was such combined with the night as to make it a most grand spectacle we were fortunate in the weather, it being a mild pleasant night after satisfying ourselves fully we descended with out guide who carried a lighted torch before him, we got back to Naples about 9 o'clock."

The two brothers drove from Naples to Rome by carriage, in three and a half days and took lodgings at No. 5 Piazza di Spagna, that fine old square and famous rendezvous of visiting English and Americans. Pope

Leo XII having recently died, my grandfather and great uncle attended the coronation of the new Pope as Pius VIII; among noted strangers present, the journal states, being the then King of Bavaria, and the English Lord Arundel and Marquis of Hartford, and the ambassadors of France, Spain and England. Attending the English Church in Rome on Easter Sunday, my grandfather noted the then Duke of Buckingham, "a very fleshy man of good countenance."

The beauty and neatness of Florence in contrast with the cities further south was greatly appreciated by the travellers. Here they visited the Protestant burying ground just outside the walls of Florence which at that time had only been in existence for two or three years, and saw the spot where shortly before John McCrackan had buried his wife Nancy McCrackan, a lot described as very suitable and on a side hill. A cousin by the name of Henry Miles, a resident of Florence, and a merchant who was a large purchaser of Leghorn hats, showed them about the city and its environs.

On May 2nd, 1829, my grandfather parted from his brother John who was bound for Venice, he himself taking carriage for Pisa. At Genoa he saw the King and Queen of Sardinia embark in state in a frigate on a visit to the King of Naples, the brother of the Queen. Near Marengo, the scene of the victory of Napoleon I over the Austrians, my grandfather refers to seeing for the first time in Europe Indian corn growing. In Turin he had the amusing experience of discovering a distinctly local product, those curious sticks of bread now familiarly displayed at Italian table d' hote dinners in America also. He writes: "I was struck with wonder in seeing what appeared like sticks on table at dinner on taking one of them up found it was bread made in the

form about two feet long and about the size of your finger with a hole through it like a pipes tail."

On May 28th he was once more in Paris comfortably lodged in the Hotel De Lille, and called for his letters at his bankers, Messrs. Wells & Co. and Hottenger & Co. At the Jardin des Plantes he was very much surprised to see for the first time a giraffe which he thus describes: "There was an animal called the Camel Leopard a most astonishing beast, the legs very long and the neck of such length that it was said it could reach and bite leaves from a tree from 14 to 16 feet from the ground it was fed with milk as a considerable part of his food." He also visited the famous cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where a few years later his own brother, John, from whom he had just parted was to be buried.

After his visit to General Lafayette my grandfather journeys to the battlefields of Waterloo and was there on June 16th, fourteen years after the battle took place (June 18, 1815), having as a guide a man who saw the battle and the day after it took place was employed in carrying the wounded to Brussels.

On June 20th, 1829, he arrived in London by steam packet. This was the first landing of one of our family in the British Isles since my great grandfather had left Scotland in the eighteenth century.

Of the King at the Ascot races, the journal states: "The King took his stand in a building facing the course window open, he firstly came to the window and bowed three times to the crowd, then took his seat at the window which gave every one an opportunity of looking at him as long as they chose his purson was rather tall very stout and full faced and copulent his manner perfectly easy and graceful seemed very social with those about him, his dress was plain Blue Cloth, the only badge was the Star on his breast, wore white or light brown hat—such

as other men wear, his walk was much like a man worn down by age or dissipation very still rather lame, his brothers present were good looking men."

Travelling by steamboat from Glasgow to Liverpool he caught a distant view of the Scottish ancestral coast and has these words to say in the journal: "Passed near to the coast of Galloway Scotland and saw the country of Glenluce where my father was born, was told it was a small village in the bay of Luce of one or two Thousand Inhabitants, it affords some satisfaction to see even the land of my ancestors but was sorry in not being able to see the town where my father was born my time being limited was deprived that pleasure." He sailed on July 8th and arrived in New York on Sept. 15th after a passage of forty days. He had been gone altogether ten months and eleven days. His passport signed by Henry Clay, as Secretary of State, and literally covered with the visas of many governments, a number of which have now ceased to exist, is in my possession.

At the close of my trip to Europe in the summer of 1886, I visited Glenluce in Scotland, the home of my ancestors on my father's side. I was the first one of our family to revisit Glenluce since my great grandfather William McCrackan, left there before the American Revolution. Glenluce is a small town situated at the point where the little Luce river enters Luce Bay in Kirkcudbrightshire. I journeyed by way of Dumfries, through the country of Robert Burns. In Glenluce I stayed at the local inn and at once got in touch with some people who could give me some information about the family. I was told that the last one of that name was a paymaster in the British Army, who was a bachelor. In the churchyard I found a marble monumental tomb, surrounded by an iron railing which bore the name of McCrackan, spelled with a final "an." This was the

most imposing of the tombs in the churchyard; there were numerous tombstones inscribed with the name of McCrackan, spelled with a final "en," but only the one monumental tomb inscribed with McCrackan. As my father had always instructed me to note this spelling of our name, and as it always appears with a final "an" in all the family documents and letters in my possession I infer that the monumental tomb in question in the churchyard of Glenluce marks the earthly burial place of the last of our family connections in Scotland. In Glenluce I visited the Manse and saw the names of many McCrackens in the registers. I also journeyed to the village of Luce or New Luce, where I was given to understand there was a special settlement of McCrackens in ancient times. There I talked with the local school master. I also drove to the home of a dairyman by the name of McCracken and took supper with him and his mother, eating Scotch oat cakes for the first time in my life. The school master of New Luce told me that he believed the McCrackens were Highlanders who had settled in the lowlands as a clan or as crofters. In speaking once with Chancellor MacCracken of New York University about our name he gave it as his opinion that Mac meant "Son of" and Cracken was Craggen or Crag, so that the name might mean Son of the Crag. At my first interview with Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy in the year 1900 she said smilingly, "A man with a name like yours ought to have perseverance."

My father, John McCrackan, of whom I have written from personal memory in these Recollections, was born in New Haven and baptized in Trinity Church there. As a young lawyer of twenty-three he felt the call of the far west, and one day at the end of March 1849 embarked on the ship *Balance* for California around Cape Horn. He was eminently successful there in his profession,

establishing himself at Sacramento, the capital, and returned to the east a few years later with a respectable fortune and the assurance of having served his country well in helping to establish order on the Pacific Coast during turbulent times. Thereafter he no longer pursued his profession but lived upon his income. I have in my possession a collection of letters which my father wrote home to his mother and sister from California. They are worthy of a place in the history of the Pacific Coast, giving as they do, the personal experiences of a Forty Niner who was well qualified to set down his observations with accuracy. I shall content myself here with giving extracts from some of these letters just as he wrote them, but only with a view to bringing out the character of my father rather than the history of the period.

Describing a ride to a ranch situated some fifty miles from San Francisco in the direction of San Jose he writes to his "dear Family" on July 29th, 1851,

"On, on we rode with a bright twilight lighting our path far before us in the distance, the whole place as level as a parlor floor over which our horses travelled as if inspired with the riders' light heart and freedom of spirit; flowers bloomed in our path and many birds cheered us with their evening songs. At each stopping place on the road we heard of our friends who had gone before us, and we passed on thinking to overtake them at their dinner. Cayotas (or Dog wolf, as they are called) were frequently seen before us in our path; these were harmless, but the roar of the grizzlies was echoed to us from the high range of coast hills on our right, and when at times we could hear but one we imagined him feeding on some poor sheep or calf which it had captured. I have never, I believe, given you any account of the Grizzly Bear, although I doubt not you have become familiar with their nature and general character

from the frequent accounts that frequently go home in form of publication letters. A large one is the size of an ox, and will weigh eight and nine hundred, often much more. As a foe they are greatly to be feared. It is difficult to pierce them with a ball, while it would be impossible to cope with one, unless he should be disabled immediately. There are young ones captured every day and brought into town, and led about with a chain like a dog. Still the young ones are very much inclined to exhibit in some of their movements the true bruin disposition. They are very good natured, however, when we consider the fact that everyone who sees them is disposed to test their animality by stirring them up with a stick. They live to an immense age, and rule the forest. Although we felt secure when we heard their roar, knowing we could escape them in case of an attack, yet we might perhaps encounter one anywhere on the road, where they are usually most desperate. With one blow they strike the horse and rider to the ground. As I have said, the country over which we were riding at the rate of twelve miles an hour was very smooth and firm, here and there dotted with a clump of trees that reminded us of our approach to the section where the tall pine and sturdy oak give variety and beauty to the country. Our first stopping place was at the Mission of "San Mateo." The "Fonda" is near the road side, and a sweet spot it is. A note was handed me here from our friends who had been before us, in a few words wishing us God speed, and by all means to try the eggs (upon which they had had a fine lunch), and they would order dinner for us upon their arrival at the 'Rancho de las Pulzol,' should they get there first. I may as well translate the name of this Ranch. It is 'the ranch of the fleas,' certainly not a very pleasant prospect before us if we were to encounter these industrious plagues. The company here at the Mis-

sion of San Mateo, desirous of securing our company (and a large number had collected here for the night on their way to the great sale in the morning) used every argument against our proceeding farther till to-morrow, including a contest with half a dozen and the prospect of being mired in the salt marsh. We heard them quietly as we devoured our eggs, and although the General was inclined to remain for the night, yet I determined to proceed, for I had traveled the road before and felt confident we could not only find it out, but also avoid bears and the salt marsh, and well armed, we should prove a match for at least our number of robbers. Attached to almost every traveling saddle is a sword. It is confined under the girth lengthwise so as to be drawn at a moment's warning, and yet be perfectly convenient to carry. We were both provided with these, as well as revolvers, which rendered us fearless of an attack. After every argument had been exhausted to induce us to remain, the attempt was at last given over and all information we required was freely extended us. We were soon in our saddles and off at full speed, the road here led us through beautiful pine groves and of course it was easily defined. The air was redolent of sweet pine and olive whose branches arched our path-way, while not a breath stirred their dark foliage. The novelty of this scene was perfectly exquisite, the glorious night, the mild, balmy atmosphere, the song of the cricket, the hour and the uncertainty that attended our course all combined to render the ride peculiarly attractive. I never shall forget the freedom that filled my very being, shut up in my office as I had been for weeks. This made me feel like a new creature. My horse (a fine animal) seemed to sympathize with his rider, and dashed over the ground as if every bound imparted fresh strength and courage. We overtook and passed several companies, and only

once were our suspicions aroused, and that was from a company of six who left "San Mateo" as we dismounted. They were jogging along leisurely when we came up with them, some talking and others apparently listening to the music of their spurs, their silver saddle trappings, and their heavy swords, which kept up a perfect clatter. As we passed them they came dashing on behind us, making as much noise as a regiment of dragoons. It was no difficult thing to pronounce them genuine Rancheros, which of course rendered us more suspicious than if we had believed them Americans. The one who led saluted me in Spanish, to which I replied and this encouraged a very lively commotion. I told him of our destination, keeping all the time a sharp look and keeping our hands upon our resolvers. He admired my horse very much (in the dark) and challenged me to a race. This of course I declined, for had he premeditated an attack his object would have been to separate us (the Gen. L. & self) and thus have us completely in their power. I told him I would see him at the sale to-morrow, when we would try the mettle of our horses, if so desired. I took no further notice of him, and directed my conversation to my companion, Gen. L. Door, who was evidently quite uneasy. We gradually quickened our speed and soon had the satisfaction of widening the distance till becoming fainter and fainter the presence of the party was left far behind us."

Writing to his sister Lottie concerning a young ladies' charitable society called Thurlile to which she belonged, my father wrote on April 18th, 1850, from San Francisco:

"Speaking of the Thurlile, I rejoice you are once more in the society of your sweet friends, & enabled to add your mite with them, in their noble and generous exertions, in behalf of the distressed, to relieve the poor,

& suffering, to minister to the wants of the unfortunate, is one of the noblest pleasures this earth affords. Your efforts, humble though they be, fill the heart of the destitute with joy, & happiness, & lay the 'horn of plenty' at the door of the sick & dying; bright angels of mercy, you lighten the sorrowing heart, & dispel the dark image of despair, the tears & prayers of the orphan & fatherless are yours. The widow in her affliction blesses your kind bounty, & sickness and sorrow flee before your radiant presence, & Oh! happy thought, there is a sweet angel faithful to the task, who records these bright deeds, in the bright heavens above, in that pure celestial clime where good deeds but grow more brilliant with the lapse of time, where there is no hand to mar, no finger to blot the record, 'Where neither moth, nor rust doth corrupt.' In this sweet land you and your dear companions will one day reap the glorious harvest that your good deeds here, are fast bringing to maturity. Yes, Yes!

Methinks I see a train of Spirits fair,
With angel wings they mount celestial air,
And sailing in this purity of light
They chant the Hymn of Seraphs' bright.
A crown of fairest pearls surmount the brow,
The diadem of purity, and now
They span with lightning thought the space
Of heaven's all glorious shining face.
All wreathed with brilliants of the rainbow hue
And flowers sparkling with the morning dew,—
With jeweled belt, and form of faultless mould,
And silver bells, and bells of purest gold.
The glistening wand is in each hand—
Affixed to the signet of the band,
And anklets bright of silver sheen,
More bright than Fairy's boast, I ween.

On, on they sped, thought courts above,
Borne on their wings like "Spirit dove,"
Nor slack their speed, nor cease their flight,
Till the tiny band is lost to sight.

And thus they revel, the live long day,
In the home of angels far away,
And their life is like the lunar ray,
With spirits as light as the Fairy Fay.

Their wings never tire, their eyes never sleep,
And their flight alway's free over land, and deep,
No breath ever chills their fair native clime,
No echo disturbs their sweet blending chime.

Their ceaseless flight is always above,
For their songs never weary, in this land of love,—
Their fame is posthumous, and inscribed on each shiel'
In letters of fire, is emblazoned, Thurlile.

I tell thee good friend, they were mortals on earth,
And they led a life, as of Heavenly birth!
Not a pearl, not a flower, not a gem they wear!
But marks a "good deed," in their pilgrimage there!

As indicating my father's boundless confidence in the prospects of the new land of his adoption I add the following extract from a letter dated May 30, 1850:

"There is a charm connected with a life in California, that every day becomes more and more binding, in proportion as our conveniences and refinements increase. You at home, I mean people generally, know very little of us here. We have already very good society, which is daily added too, by arrivals from the States of those, who will make this beautiful country their home. People come here now with very different ideas, than formerly, (a year ago) we have a population here now of two hundred thousand souls. Schools have been established, and such a host of children, you would be amazed, did

you know how many we have here, and look at the inducements for a man with a family. He can remove here and settle upon a tract of land 160 acres, build him a log house, and go to farming in the most delightful climate and cultivate the most generous soil upon the face of the earth. He pays nothing for his land, 'till the U. S. Agent, comes along, when he pays him one hundred and sixty dollars for his 160 acres, and this may not be in years, and then he receives a clear undoubted title, to a property which then may be worth twenty thousand dollars; besides this, from his farm he can realize enough money in one year, to build him a comfortable home, and purchase as many "heads of cattle" as he wishes. He can live upon the best beef, (wild) and have all the luxuries of a western prairie, besides his farm, or country seat, which in three years will vie with a noblemans estate in Yorkshire. But you will say, every one could not enjoy such advantages, and yet I might say there are enough beautiful situations between Oregon, and San Blas, to give one to every family in California. I have one already chosen, directly across the bay in the Mission of "San Raphael." Mr. Shepherd and self have selected each one spot, near each other of course. In one year's time, we shall have a steam ferry to take us over there. We shall build a nice house, doing our business in the city, and returning to our homes and *family* at night, as the Long Island merchants do who conduct their business in New York City. We shall have the best horses to ride."

On June 20, 1855, my father married my mother, Anna Pamela Sanford, at 41 East 21st Street, New York, the home of her parents, Henry Josephus and Mary Sanford. My maternal grandfather was a descendant of John Sanford, who arrived in Boston from England in 1631, and was No. 115 on the list of church members.

He was the son of Arthur Sanford, Esq., of Sanford Hall, near Press, County Salop, England. The Sanfords were Normans who came to England with William the Conqueror. Grandfather Sanford was a director of the New York and New Haven Rail Road Co. and of other large enterprises, among them the Nicaragua Transit Company, on whose board he served with the first Cornelius Vanderbilt. My mother spent many happy days at the home of her aunt, in Rye, N. Y., but her childhood recollections clustered mainly around Stamford, Connecticut, and New York City. There were also summer visits to Saratoga, the Thousand Isles, Lake George and the White Mountains.

My brother John Henry, the eldest of us four children, was born in the Sanford home in New York on April 15, 1856. On the 13th of October, 1857, my parents with their first born son left New York on the sailing vessel "Palestine" for London, spending the winter there at No. 19 Torrington Square, and returned to New York on the same ship the following May. My sister Annie was born that summer in Milford, Connecticut.

In my mother's journal is the following entry connected with this first visit to London: "Papa and I one morning attended St. James' Palace in order to view the Queen in her robes of state as she passed through the Grand Hall on her way to the opening of the Parliament, gorgeous, but not imposing of stature. We received tickets for the occasoin."

Again in October 18th, 1858, there was a second trip to London; included in the party this time were not only the two little children, but my grandmother McCrackan and her three unmarried daughters, Mary, Sarah and Charlotte. The trip was made on the ship Southampton.

After a Christmas spent in London there was a stay in Brussels at 14 rue de l'Industrie, a summer at Chaudfontaine, a lovely resort in the hills near Brussels; then a stay at the fashionable Springs of Spa, thence to the Rhine by Aix la Chapelle, stopping at Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz and making the regular tour to Wiesbaden, Frankfort and Dresden. There the winter of 1859-1860 was spent, and the following summer at Schandau in Saxon, Switzerland.

During the summer at Chaudfontaine my father went to Paris, and the following appears in my mother's journal: "The occasion of this visit was to witness the celebration of the public entree of Napoleon 3rd into Paris after three months severe fighting and victory in aid of the Italians struggling for their freedom, the French and Sardinians fighting against the Austrians." This was the campaign made famous by the victory at Solferino. In that year, 1860, my mother and father with my aunt Lottie made trips to Paris and to Berlin from Dresden, visiting the principal sights in both capitals. In August my mother with a party of friends took a trip in another direction, to Prague and Vienna, returning to Schandau by way of Salzburg, Berchtesgaden and Munich.

Under date of October 27th, 1860, the journal states: "We visited the bronze factory to witness the casting of an American statue, that of Chief Justice Marshall, of Richmond, Virginia, to be placed on the Richmond Washington Monument. Again, we saw the bronze doors destined (then) for the Washington Capitol, which have been since placed there." My mother refers to the models of the works of Thomas Crawford who worked in Rome. "For years," she writes, "the studio of Crawford at Rome was a home of travellers, and he became through his works and the charm of his manners, the friend of the

lovers of art in every country in which the word art is used."

Thomas Crawford began the bas relief for the bronze doors of the Capitol of Washington, to which my mother refers, but they were completed by W. H. Rinehart. His statue of Liberty surmounts the dome of the Capitol; he was also the designer of the allegorical decoration in the Senate portico of the Capitol. When my parents visited Rome in the winter of 1862-1863 they saw much of the work in Crawford's studio, meeting Mrs. Crawford and the little son, Francis Marion Crawford, who later became widely known for his popular novels, "Saracinesca" and others. Marion Crawford was born in Italy, studied at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, then at Cambridge University, Heidelberg and Rome.

In the summer of 1861, the family discovered for itself the beautiful Tegernsee, a lake in the Bavarian Highlands which thereafter saw them regularly for several summers. In the autumn of 1861 there was a trip through Tyrol; the family hired an omnibus for this purpose and drove leisurely by way of the Zillerthal, Brenner Pass to Botzen, Meran, the Vintschgau, Finstermünz Pass to Landeck and back to Munich.

From the winter in Nice (1866-1867) date several letters from General George B. McLellan to my father and mother sent from Nice itself, and nearby Hyères, from Vichy and Ischl, Austria. These letters contain nothing of special moment, principally descriptions of the ordinary vicissitudes of Americans travelling in Europe and searching for suitable quarters. My father offered the General the hospitality of his own home in Nice until the family could get settled, but it appears that the McLellans found what they needed in time to make the acceptance of this offer unnecessary. My mother

refers to little Mary McLellan, the daughter, as our playmate.

Other incidents connected with the travels of the McCrackan family before my own recollections begin are duly recorded in my grandfather's journal, in my father's letters and my mother's journals. The outstanding feature of the family history may be summed up in one word "travel." We have been great travellers, our united journeying would circle the earth many times. This fact is not accidental, but carries with it some definite meaning—a *world outlook*. Through all this family experience there runs one steady purpose like a thread of gold. It is enough to know that this purpose is capable of being expressed in the words which form the title of this book, to be "An American Abroad and At Home."

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM DENISON McCRACKAN

By

HAMLIN GARLAND

My acquaintance with Will McCrackan began in the early days of the *Arena Magazine*, to which we were fellow contributors. We met on the basis of a mutual interest in Henry George's Single Tax, and in the work and character of William Dean Howells.

Young McCrackan appealed to me at once, both by the charm of his personality and the extent and quality of his knowledge of the Old World. As a reformer, he stood out in notable contrast to the throngs of us who knew only our own country, and not very much of that. He seemed the genial aristocrat, amusing himself with questions of economics, but as I came to know the sincerity of his convictions and his grasp on fundamentals my estimate changed.

His wide studies of Swiss history, folk-lore and government deepened my liking to admiration. His speech so fine and clear (American in the best sense) arose, I perceived, from contact with highly cultivated men and women at home and abroad. In fact he was all that I was not, and for that reason I particularly valued his companionship.

We saw much of each other in the early 90's, but after I left Boston we met only occasionally during my visits to New York. Nevertheless, our friendship persisted. Some of the interests which he took on in later life were alien to mine, but there remained enough in common to give enduring quality to our mutual regard. His work during the war, and in Palestine after the war was nobly disinterested, and I kept in touch with him

then and assisted him, to the best of my ability, in his work.

That he lived all his life on a high level all his neighbors will bear witness. He maintained his idealism to the end.

His writing was mainly serious, although he surprised us at one point in his career by writing a group of poems in the vernacular—poems with a touch of humor, yet with altruistic content. Of his services to the church of his choice I am not qualified to speak, but of his essential dignity and charm as a Reader I have heard much praise. As he never felt the need of writing down to people, so he kept a serene and lofty glance in the midst of the sad changes which the War brought upon him personally, as well as upon the circles in which he moved. I shall always remember him as the intellectual aristocrat.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

ASCENSION

The recurring rhythm of aspiring thought,
The lift, the divine hoist into the blue!
Ascension made joyful every day,
Made natural, inevitable,
This is the portion of thy life.

Between the candid birches, standing guard,
A cool air issues from the wood,
Fragrant of the unsoiled wilderness,
And with its rhythmic step
Thy thought ascends.

A bird calls through the sylvan aisles,
A luscious call, reverberating,
Liquid and high placed
Among the branches sculptured from the sky
This bird calls thee, ascend!

Descending waters gurgling from the heights
Speak of their source
“Not down below,” they cry, ‘is thy career;
We point thee back to whence we came.
As we descend, do thou ascend!”

Lighter than air is thought;
Unafraid it rides upon the wind,
Passing housetops, passing treetops.
So soar and sway the crouching earth;
Ascend in thought!

Spurn beneath thy flying feet
Immaterial matter, senseless sense.
Ascend, exalted, chosen one,
Picked from the throng.
Ascend, ascend, ascend!

Written by

W. D. McCrackan,

Hartford, Connecticut.

June 10, 1923.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE—As Mr. McCrackan died on June 12th, 1923, this poem was his last literary production. He lives on throughout all Eternity.

OCT 6 1928

